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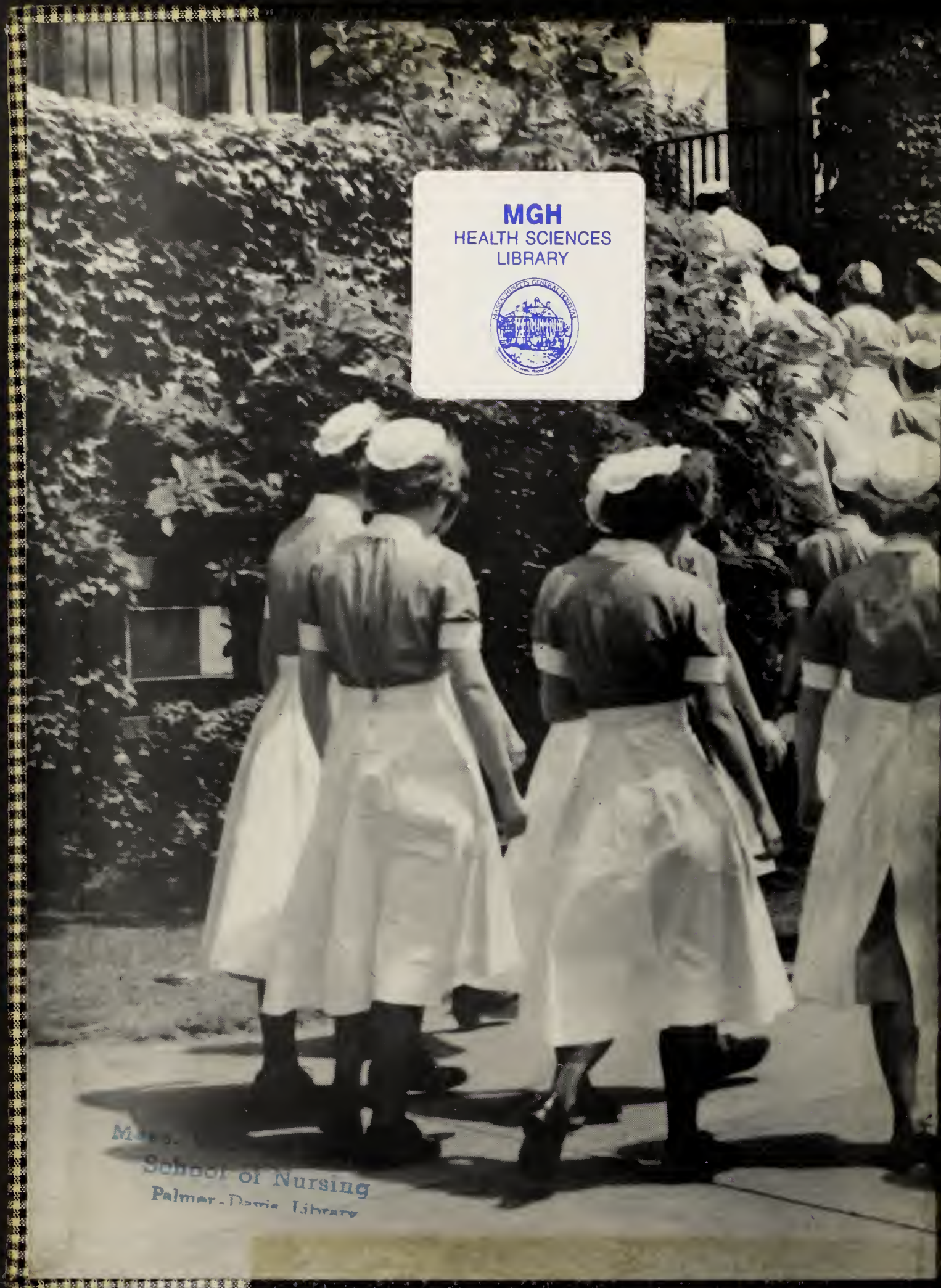

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Mass. General Hospital
School of Nursing
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CHECKS

Sept. 1953

March 1954

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

School of Nursing

BULFINCH

A SONG FOR M.G.H.

Words by Margaret Dieter, 1916

Her ivied columns rise to meet
The glory of the Bulfinch dome,
Serene, unruffled, beautiful,
She waits to bid us welcome home.

From many lands, o'er many days,
We brought to her our restless youth,
And she with patience took us all
And set us in the way of truth.

Stern Teacher, kindly too, withal,
Who saw the faults we could not hide.
And building on our better selves,
She wrought results that shall abide.

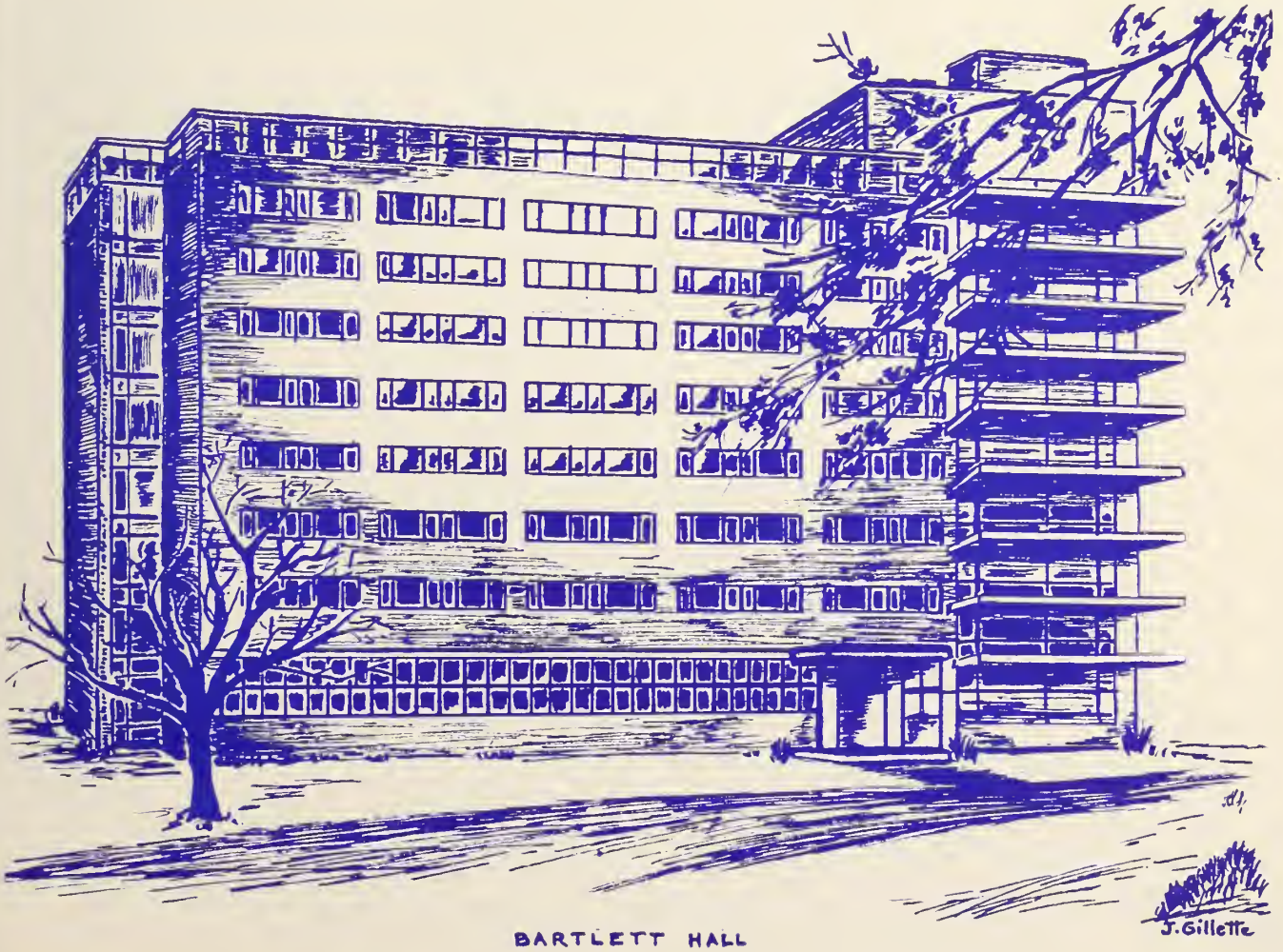
What if she gave us arduous toil,
She taught us reverence for our work:
To ease the suffering, lighten pain
There is no task we dare to shirk.

When life and death are side by side,
And creeds and races strangely blend
To share these things from day to day
She helped us each to find a friend.

Oh, Gracious Guardian of our past,
Thy children rise to honor thee,
God bless and keep you, M.G.H.,
Secure through all the years to be.

THE OLD AND THE NEW . . .

The drawing on the left is that of Bulfinch which was built in the year 1821. It was here that the first nurses of Massachusetts General Hospital lived among the inconveniences and old-fashioned architecture. A few other residences have been built between then and now, the newest being Bartlett Hall which is pictured below. Ground was broken for this residence in 1952, and in May, 1953, eighty-eight senior student nurses and sixty-six graduate nurses moved into the luxurious living quarters with its modern conveniences. Where the nurses back in 1821 had to scrub their own uniforms and clothes, and live all together in one room, the nurses of today have automatic laundries and individual three room suites with all the modern facilities for gracious living. Truly Massachusetts General has provided a marvelous home for its nurses, and we, the class of 1953 and 1954 are proud to have the privilege to be the first to reside in Bartlett Hall.



BARTLETT HALL

RUTH SLEEPER, R.N., M.A., L.H.D.

Director of the School of Nursing and Nursing Service.

Dear Seniors:

By the time this letter reaches you, many members of the Class will have made some plan for the coming year. To make plans for future living and work is, of course, one of the joys and privileges of graduation. To have a plan to live by is also one of the essentials of a happy life.

Graduation which marks the transition from student days in nursing to those of nurse practitioner might well be likened to a door which separates a brief experience planned by others (your curriculum) and the great experience which stretches ahead to be planned by you, yourself (your life). The curriculum now behind you was built around an aim carefully chosen, and adopted as a guide for the selection of your student experience. It should have given meaning to the many activities scheduled for you day by day, or month by month. It should have given you the direction which would enable you to tie all of these activities together into one large meaningful experience which was nursing education.

Your first experience in nursing education is now behind you. What now? Will you begin your graduate nurse years aimlessly waiting for one brief and exciting experience after another? Will you have a long range plan for your personal and professional life or will you follow only personal whim, or seek constantly to find something new? When you look back five or ten years from now will you have only a series of brief experiences, and wonder why you lack satisfaction, why you miss the stimulus of student days?

Experiences do not necessarily build experience in a profession or in a life. They are like the frosting of the cake, and so they have a role to play. For the frosting is a surprise to be enjoyed, a flavor to relish, a pretty thing to look at, often a treat to be anticipated when the last bit of cake has been eaten.

To have experience is to have the substance of life; it is truly to live. But for such living there must be aim and plan. And both aim and plan must reach beyond self and the immediate satisfaction of personal desire or whim.

Every class on graduation leaves behind some special memory, some little tradition for oncoming students, some special place in the hearts of the faculty. We shall miss the Class of 1953-'51. We shall welcome you all whenever there is time for a visit or a letter. From all of us to each one of you, good wishes, good luck: Whatever you do may you have a wonderful experience!

Ruth Sleeper

HELEN CHURCH
Student Adviser

Dedication . . .

We are proud to dedicate this issue of "Checks" to Miss Helen Church, who through her considerate thoughts and deeds has made these past three years happier for us all.

FACULTY

M. RATCHFORD

JESSIE STEWART, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of the School of Nursing and Chairman of the Diploma Program.

EDNA LEPPER, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of Nursing Service.

ANNA VIDEN, R.N.
Supervisor of Residences

HELEN SHERWIN
R.N., M.A.
Supervisor of Instruction in Science.

SYLVIA PERKINS, R.N., M.A.
Assistant Director of the School of Nursing and Chairman of the Degree Program.

KATHERINE HARDEMAN, R.N., M.S.
Supervisor of Clinical Instruction.

EVA HICKS, R.N.
Administrative Assistant

HELEN CHURCH
Student Counselor

BAKER SUPERVISORS

D. Newcomb, R.N., B.S., Assistant Director Nursing Service; A. Crotty, R.N., Administrative Supervisor; M. Bates, R.N., Administrative Supervisor in charge of Student Attendant Program; G. Crocker, R.N., Administrative Supervisor.

GENERAL DAY SUPERVISORS — ADMINISTRATIVE AND TEACHING

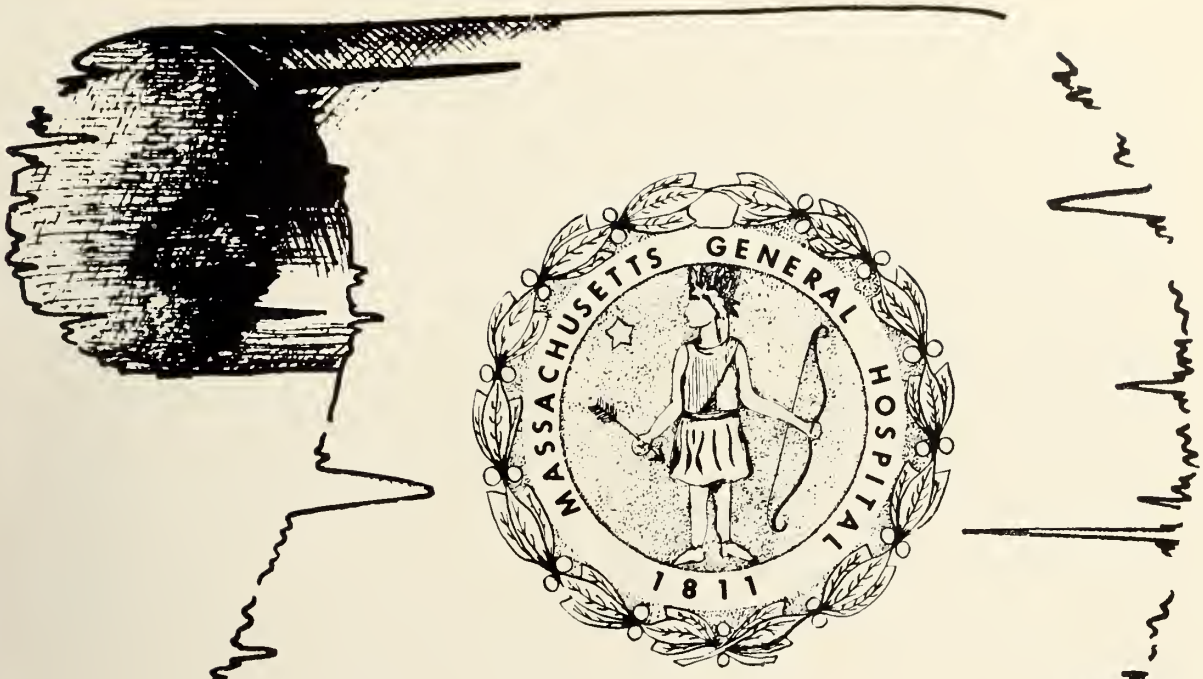
Back row, left to right: S. Rowley, R.N., B.S., M.A.; E. Grogan, R.N., B.S.; M. Rearick, R.N., B.S., M.A.; F. Grady, R.N., B.S.; E. Lepper, R.N., B.S.
Front row, left to right: J. Ross, R.N., B.S., M.S.; J. Defenderfer, R.N.; M. Quinlan, R.N., B.S., M.S.; E. Wolseley, R.N., B.S.; R. Poules, R.N.

GENERAL RELIEF SUPERVISORS

Left to right: V. Byrne, R.N.; E. Skoog, R.N.; E. Jones, R.N.

SUPERVISORS AND INSTRUCTORS

Back row, left to right: N. Petzold, R.N., B.S.; M. Chelsey, B.S.; E. Grogan, R.N., B.S.; M. Mawn, R.N., B.S., R. Pooles, R.N., J. Stewart, R.N., B.S.; M. Quinlan, R.N., B.S., M.S.; G. Bellam, R.N., B.S.; Dorothy Wilson, New Haven V.N.A.; S. Rowley, R.N., A.B., M.S.; R. Farrissey, R.N., B.S.; S. Perkins, R.N., M.A.
Front row, left to right: K. Hardeman, R.N., M.S.; M. Rearick, R.N., B.S., A. Corkum, R.N., E. Wolseley, R.N., B.S.; R. Harris, B. S.



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practise my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Class of September–1953

LUCY M. BARKER
5 Lincoln Avenue
Newmarket, New Hampshire
Ambition: Pediatric Nursing
Activities: Class President-Substitute, Walcott Dance Committee, Protestant Club.
True to her work, her word, her friend.

PAULINE M. BOARI *"Paulie"*
3 Myrtle Place
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Ambition: Industrial Nursing
Activities: Proctor, Seton-Newman Club.
She that brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from herself.

WINIFRED C. BOUCHER
"Cory"
151 Garfield Avenue
Chelsea, Massachusetts
Ambition: Orthopedic Nursing
Activities: Glee Club, Drawsheet-Co-editor, Bridge Club, "Checks," Seton-Newman Club, Proctor, Senior Bazaar, Senior Formal.
And her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.

SYLVIA F. BROWN *"Sil"*
Southern Avenue
South Essex, Massachusetts
Ambition: Staff Nursing, College
Activities: Proctor, Glee Club, "On Call."
A quiet nature, a generous heart.

JEAN PAULA BROWNELL
"Brownie"
10 Tesla Street
Mattapan, Massachusetts
Ambition: Bachelor of Science Degree
Activities: Protestant Club, "On Call," Head Proctor, Walcott Dance Committee.
Oh blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today.

NANCY L. MARSHALL BUCHANAN
"Nan"
29 South Russel Street
Boston, Massachusetts
Ambition: A family
Self confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.

BETSEY A. BUCK *"Betz"*
Main Street
Chatham, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatric or Psychiatric Nursing
Activities: "On Call," Senior Bazaar, Glee Club, Protestant Club.
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes.

BARBARA E. BULLARD
"Barbie"
Reeds Ferry, New Hampshire
Ambition: Travel
Activities: Glee Club, Community Chest Representative, June Formal Committee, SNCA-Alternate Secretary, Senior Class President, "On Call," Broader Horizons-Birthday Tea Committee.
The superior woman is modest in her speech but exceeds in her action.

MARY McKNIGHT CALHOUN
"Pee Wee"
15 Maplewood Avenue
Barre, Vermont
Ambition: Pediatric Nursing
Activities: SNCA
Eyes too expressive to be blue
Too lovely to be grey.

NANCY WARREN CLARK
"Nan"
8 Maple Avenue
North Attleborough, Massachusetts
Ambition: Start a new nursery
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure alone are measured.

ANNE T. CLEARY
New Bedford, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel
Activities: SNCA-Publicity Committee, Judiciary Board, Walcott Dance Committee.
Sleep that knits the ravelled sleeve of care.

LOUISE R. CONTE *"Lou"*
25 Cantillion Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts
Ambition: Marriage
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, "On Call," Seton-Newman Club, SNCA, Senior Bazaar, "Checks."
From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.

SENIORS

ALICE F. DANA
20 Grant Avenue
Amsterdam, New York
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Dormitory Board
In things where the heart is, the hand is powerful.

SARAH DAVIS *"Sally"*
206 West Street
Ilion, New York
Ambition: Staff Nursing
Activities: Degree Program
Worthiest by being good far more than great or high.

CAROLE DONNELLY
12 Hill Street
Newburyport, Massachusetts
Ambition: To get to Philadelphia
Activities: Glee Club, Basketball '51, Senior Bazaar.
Good nature is an asset.

CAROLE A. DWYER *"Cal"*
9 Byron Avenue
Lawrence, Massachusetts
Ambition: Teaching
Activities: Glee Club—Vice-President, Seton-Newman Club, Walcott Dance—Co-chairman, "On Call," SNCA.
Loyalty is the greatest good in the human heart.

MARTHA ANN FIELDHOUSE
"M. A."
River Road
Andover, Massachusetts
Ambition: Staff Nursing, Travel
Activities: Protestant Club-Secretary, "Cotton Ball Minstrel," "On Call," Proctor.
True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun.

RUTH MANN FITZGERALD
27 Pleasant Valley Street
Methuen, Massachusetts
Ambition: Visiting Nursing Association
Activities: SNCA, Student-Faculty Committee, Degree Program.
The place is dignified by the doer's deeds.

FLORENCE E. FLETCHER
"Fletch"
Halidon Hill
Newport, Rhode Island
Ambition: College
Activities: Drawsheet, Glee Club, Protestant Club, SNCA-Publicity Committee, Walcott Dance Committee, "On Call"-Assistant Director, "Checks."
When a task is once begun; never leave it 'til it's done.

HERMINE FLIEGE *"Hermie"*
12 Vineyard Road
North Abington, Massachusetts
Ambition: To live and learn
Activities: Glee Club, House Proctor, SNCA, Judiciary Board-Chairman, "On Call"-Assistant Director, Senior Bazaar, Walcott Dance Committee, "Checks."
He that complies against his will, Is of his own opinion still.

MAURINE T. FOX *"Foxy"*
19 Sage Street
North Bennington, Vermont
Ambition: Marriage and a large family
Take life with ease.

ELIZABETH M. GALLAGHER
"Betty"
18 Centre Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ambition: College
Activities: Drawsheet, Protestant Club—Vice-President
A lovely lady, garmented in light from her own beauty.

ALICE M. GILL *"Artie"*
Oak Road
Canton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Orthopedic Nursing or Obstetrics
Activities: Glee Club, Seton-Newman Club, Senior Bazaar.
Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.

JANICE M. GILLETTE
"Giuseppe"
705 Elm Street
West Springfield, Massachusetts
Ambition: Liberal Arts Education, Travel
Activities: Senior Class Vice-President, SNCA-Program and Publicity Committees, Judiciary Board, "On Call," "Checks," Walcott Dance Committee, Seton-Newman Club, Senior Bazaar, AAAA.
From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is all mirth.

JUDITH M. GILMORE
"Judy"
265 Lowell Street
Peabody, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel, College
Activities: Drawsheet—Co-editor, Seton-Newman Club—Secretary, "Checks," "On Call," Backgrounds Committee—Chairman, Glee Club, SNCA-Nominating Committee—Chairman, Broader Horisons Planning Board, Senior Bazaar, Freshman Formal.
I dare not trust these eyes;
They dance in mists, and dazzle with surprise.

BONNIE L. GOUGH *"Bon"*
Water Street
Eastport, Maine
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: Class President, Drawsheet, Freshman Dance, President MSNCA.
It's not the brains that matter most, but that which guides them—the character, the heart, generous qualities, progressive ideas.

MARLENE GROETZ *"Mollie"*
23 Pearl Street
Amesbury, Massachusetts
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: Drawsheet, Seton-Newman Club—Treasurer, Judiciary Board, Glee Club, Dormitory Board, "Checks," AAAA, "On Call."
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

DORIS NATALIE HILL
"Dodo"
89 Prospect Street
Little Falls, New York
Ambition: Industrial Nursing with a B. S.
Activities: Student-Faculty Committee, Seton-Newman Club, Broader Horizons, "On Call," June Formal.
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair.

BETTY HINTZ *"B. J."*
116 Lyons Street
New Britain, Connecticut
Ambition: Medical or O. R. Nursing
Activities: Broader Horizons, Glee Club, "Checks."
Write me as one who loves her fellow men.

MARY E. HORNE *"Horney"*
61 Summer Street
Lancaster, New Hampshire
Ambition: College
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call," AAAA, "Checks," Senior Bazaar.
A humorous heart and a wise, wise mind.
Both these attributes in her combined.

JANE CORLISS HOVEY
4 Osgood Place
Amesbury, Massachusetts
Ambition: Marriage, Obstetrical Nursing
Activities: Drawsheet, "Checks."
Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

BETH J. HUBLEY *"Hub"*
99 Thornton Road
Waltham, Massachusetts
Ambition: To tour Europe
Activities: Glee Club, Protestant Club, Planning Committee Broader Horizons– Chairman, Literature Club, SNCA, Finance Committee — Chairman, "On Call," Library Committee.
She has a smile for every friend, and a friend for every smile.

BARBARA J. ISRAEL *"Bo"*
1542 Wantagn Avenue
Wantagn, New York
Ambition: Nursing in Cancer Research
Activities: Protestant Club, Spring Formal Committee, Minstrel Show.
A carefree heart is the foundation of happiness.

ANNE LYNCH JOHNSON
"Lynchie"
168 Brook Road
Milton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: June Formal Committee, "Checks."
I warm'd both hands against the fire of life.

MARY GAY EDDY JONES
"Gay"
24 East Street
Rutland, Vermont
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: SNCA, Walcott Dance Committee.
I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions start into her face.

BARBARA R. KISIEL
"Bobbie"
73 Commercial Street
Holyoke, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel
Activities: Seton-Newman Club
He that hath made you fair hath made you good.

ELINORE MARGARET LAFFEY
"Peggy"
22 Century Street
South Brewer, Maine
Ambition: B. S. from B. C., Travel
Activities: "Checks," "On Call."
A sweet, attractive kind of grace
A full assurance given by her looks.

ELIZABETH ANN LAFFEY
"Betty"
22 Century Street
South Brewer, Maine
Ambition: College Education
Activities: Proctor, "Checks."
Amiability shines by its own light.

MARY E. LEHTO
Great Road
Stow, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel, Marriage
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Seton-Newman Club, AA-AA, Senior Bazaar.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are good.

CLARA E. LEIGH *"Betty"*
9 Gayhead Street
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts
Ambition: Industrial Nursing
A kind and gentle heart has she.

LAURA LIMA *"Laurie"*
5 Knight Street
Sanford, Maine
Ambition: Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness
Activities: Glee Club, Basketball, Senior Bazaar.
She is a winsome, wee thing.

BARBARA J. McGARRITY
"Mac"
101 Elm Street
Holyoke, Massachusetts
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Proctor, Seton-Newman Club, Senior Class Treasurer, 3, Senior Bazaar, "On Call."
It is better to debate a question without settling it, than to settle it without debate.

MARY J. McKNIGHT *"M. J."*
38 Breck Avenue
Brighton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Orthopedic or O. R. Nursing, Travel
I am part of all I have met.

NANCY BECHTEL McMILLAN
"Nan"
600 North Third Street
Reading, Pennsylvania
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Glee Club, Protestant Club.
By her gracious smiles and manners she has won our hearts.

GENEVIEVE MANFREDONIA
"Jean"
122 Bennett Street
Brighton, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: "On Call," Seton-Newman Club, "Checks."
Such wit and wisdom are little seen.

MARILYN A. MARZELLI
"Mal"
21 Spring Street
West Bridgewater, Massashusetts
Ambition: Orthopedic Nursing
Activities: Dormitory Proctor, "Checks"—Co-editor, Seton-Newman Club, Senior Bazaar, Broader Horizons, Student-Faculty Committee, "On Call."
Without earnestness, there is nothing in life.

MARLENE ANN MILES
"Mike"
50 East Street
Adams, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, June Formal Committee, "On Call," Protestant Club.
Variety is the very spice of life which gives it all its flavor.

RUTH ANN MULDOWNEY
"Ruthie"
58 Park Avenue
Hyannis, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: Seton - Newman Club, "On Call."
To sleep, perchance to dream.

BEVERLY J. NELSON *"Bev"*
412 Riverside Drive
Fairfield, Connecticut
Ambition: School
Activities: SNCA - Secretary, Finance Committee — Chairman, Student - Faculty Committee, Broader Horizons, House Representative, Walcott Dance Committee.
She is a great observer and she looks quite through the deeds of men.

MARIE OHRN
269 Winter Street
Hyannis, Massachusetts
Ambition: College
Activities: Glee Club
Why aren't they all contented like me?

MARGARET C. PLATTS
"Plattsy"
3 Elmwood Street
Millbury, Massachusetts
Ambition: College
Activities: Protestant Club, "On Call."
England with all thy faults, I love thee still!

CAROL E. POTTER
75 Heloise Street
Hamden, Connecticut
Ambition: Operating Room
Activities: Glee Club, "On Call." Walcott Dance Committee, Big-Little Sister Party.
May you live all the days of your life.

DOROTHY H. RANDALL
"Randy"
20 Morse Avenue
Nashua, New Hampshire
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: "On Call," SNCA.
Good humor is the health of the soul.

MARY K. REMSBERG
"Mary Kay"
222 Carroll Parkway
Frederick, Maryland
Ambition: Travel, Public Health
Activities: SNCA — Nominating Committee, Library Committee, Wallcott Dance Committee, Glee Club, Basketball '51.
Inspiration comes of working every day.

GLORIA H. REUTER
"Kissie"
100 Bartlett Avenue
Arlington, Massachusetts
Ambition: Further Education
Activities: "On Call," "Checks," Senior Bazaar.
Your cheery word will light the way.

MARY E. RISTUCCIA
42 Crawford Street
East Watertown, Massachusetts
Ambition: Graduate Nursing, College
Activities: Seton-Newman Club—President, Proctor, Glee Club.
The truth is always the strongest argument.

ANN ROBERTS
201 Sheridan Avenue
Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey
Ambition: Pediatric Nursing
Activities: Degree Program
You can do very little with faith, but you can do nothing without it.

MARGARET J. ROBERTSON
"Meg"
1316 Providence Road
Charlotte, North Carolina
Ambition: Visiting Nurse Association
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee
Nothing is so strong as gentleness; Nothing so gentle as real strength.

GUDRUN ROBINSON
"Mei-Mei"
80 Berkeley Street
West Newton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Staff Nursing
Activities: "Checks," Degree Program
Good humor only teaches charms to last.

JEAN A. RODRICK *"Rod"*
81 Oakland Avenue
Arlington, Massachusetts
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, June Formal, Protestant Club, "On Call," "Checks."
Cheerfulness and content are famous preservers of youthful looks.

MARGARET MAE SAWYER
"Peg"
Graniteville, Vermont
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, "On Call."
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke.

FRANCES R. SHIRLEY
"Fran"
39-47 Union Street North
St. Petersburg, Florida
Ambition: Marriage, Staff Nursing
Activities: Seton - Newman Club, "Checks."
Our hopes lead us pleasantly along the path of life.

LOIS JEAN SIVRET *"Siv"*
Randolph, Vermont
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: "On Call," Senior Bazaar, "Checks."
Wherever she met a stranger
There she left a friend.

JULIANN SLABAUGH *"Judy"*
118 Mayfield Avenue
Akron, Ohio
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: League of Woman Voters, "On Call."
She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with.

CLAUDETTE G. SMITH
"Smitty"
Hampden Highlands, Maine
Ambition: College
Activities: Judiciary Board, "On Call," Seton-Newman Club.
Personality is the keynote to success.

JANET ROWE SMITH *"Jan"*
37 Wendall Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Drawsheet, "On Call."
Grace is to the body what reason is to the mind.

ELIZABETH A. STOUGHTON
"Stoughty"
21 Burnside Street
Lancaster, New Hampshire
Ambition: Surgical Nursing
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call," "Checks."
Smile with intent to do mischief.

SYLVIA A. SWEENEY *"Sib"*
2 Perkin's Place
Woodsville, New Hampshire
Ambition: Navy or Columbia University
Activities: Head Proctor, Seton-Newman Club, SNCA—Treasurer, "On Call," "Checks."
'Tis good to be merrie and wise.

EMILY R. THIBODEAU
"Em"
1005 Washington Street
Lynn, Massachusetts
Ambition: Obstetrics, Marriage
Activities: House Representative, "On Call," Seton-Newman Club, Walcott Dance Committee, Senior Class Secretary.
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there is mischief in her eyes.

JACQUELYN P. THORNTON
"Jackie"
760 Hancock Street
Wollaston, Massachusetts
Ambition: Undecided
Activities: Drawsheet — Literary Committee, Student - Faculty Committee, Dormitory Board, "On Call," "Checks," Basketball, AAAA, Class Advertising Committee—Chairman Senior Bazaar.
Her brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells.

PHYLLIS B. TUCKER *"Tuck"*
Dunbarton, New Hampshire
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Protestant Club, "On Call," Class Publicity Committee, "Checks," Copper Crafts.
It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.

LOUANNE VAN HAM *"Lou"*
8 Mulberry Road
Milton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Orthopedics, Rehabilitation
Activities: Senior Bazaar, Glee Club, Proctor, "Checks," Walcott Dance Committee, "On Call."
She has a good time wherever she goes;
She radiates joy from her head to her toes.

NORMA WALKER *"Norm"*
32 Spring Street
Willimantic, Connecticut
Ambition: Staff Duty
Activities: Proctor, "On Call," SNCA — Revisors Committee, Broader Horizons.
Grace was in her step; in every gesture, dignity.

DOROTHY A. WALLENIUS
"Dot"
14 Worcester Avenue
Turners Falls, Massachusetts
Ambition: Further schooling, Teaching
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, "Checks," "On Call," Protestant Club.
'Tis something to be willing to command,
But my best praise is that I'm a friend.

RUTH A. WARBURTON
"Ruthie"
52 Munsey Avenue
Swansea, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatrics
Let us, then, be up and doing.

DOLORES WHITE *"Dolly"*
661 West Main Street
Avon, Massachusetts
Ambition: General Duty Nursing
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call."
There is in the soul a taste for the good, just as there is in the body an appitite for enjoyment.

MARGARET W. WILLSEY
"Peg"
321 South Main Street
Attleboro, Massachusetts
Ambition: College
Activities: June Formal, Glee Club.
It is better to wear out than rust out.

SENIORS

Class of February-1954

JANET HELEN BISSION *"Jan"*
5 Nelson Street
West Springfield, Massachusetts
Ambition: Travel and Bethesda Naval Hospital
Activities: Protestant Club, Glee Club, On Call Cast, Christmas Dance Committee '51.
"Grace in all her steps, in every gesture, dignity."

NORMA JUNE BLANK *"Junie"*
92 Carroll Avenue
Newport, Rhode Island
Ambition: College—Pediatrics
Activities: Seton-Newman Club, Cotton Ball Minstrel, Christmas Formal '51, "Checks" Staff, Glee Club, Bazaar Committee.
"And what is so rare as a girl like June"

JOAN A. BRUNJES *"Brunj"*
26 Lakeview Avenue
Hartsdale, New York
Ambition: Public Health Nurse
Activities: SNCA, Representative MSCN, Glee Club, Christmas Formal '51, "On Call."
"Nothing is achieved before it is thoroughly attempted"

AGNES JENNIE CAHOON
"Aggie"
Pleasant Lake
Cape Cod, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Protestant Club, Bazaar Committee, SNCA.
"A kind and gentle heart has she."

JOAN E. CAINE *"Joanie"*
192 Church Street
Holliston, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatrics
Activities: Protestant Club, "Checks" Staff, Walcott Dance Committee, Broader Horizons, Copper Crafts, Glee Club.
"Wit and wisdom go hand in hand."

BARBARA JANE COUSINS
"Bobbie"
36 Amherst Street
Springfield, Massachusetts
Ambition: Marriage—Orthopedics—O. R. Nursing
Activities: Protestant Club, president '52-'53, Big-Little Sister Party, Glee Club, Cotton Ball Minstrel, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Chairman Birthday Teas '52, "Checks" Staff.
"There was a star that danced and under that she was born."

MARIE THERESE DiMATTIA
"Dimie"
7 Park Place
Jamaica Plain 30, Massachusetts
Ambition: Surgical Nursing
Activities: Seton - Newman Club, Basketball '52, Bazaar Committee.
"To know her is to love her."

PATRICIA A. DWYER *"Patty"*
15 John Quincy Lane
Weymouth Heights, Massachusetts
Ambition: Marriage—O. R. Nursing
Activities: Cotton Ball Minstrel, Seton-Newman Club.
"The smile that won't come off."

DIANA REDDICK EAGER *"Di"*
1827 Main Street
Niagra Falls, Ontario, Canada
Ambition: Travel—Singing
Activities: Glee Club, Christmas Formal Committee '51, "On Call."
"And her sunny locks hang on her temple like a golden fleece."

DOROTHY MARIE FAGAN
"Dot"
42 Thurston Avenue
Newport, Rhode Island
Ambition: O. R. Nursing
Activities: Christmas Formal Committee '51, SNCA, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call."
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

BARBARA ANN FLYNN
"Flynnie"
74 Park Street
Arlington, Massachusetts
Ambition: College
Activities: Library Committee, SNCA, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call."
"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

JEAN GAGNON FORMAN
"Jeannie"
20 Joy Street
Boston, Massachusetts
Ambition: Nursing and Marriage
Activities: SNCA, treasurer, Protestant Club, "On Call," Christmas Formal '51.
"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

RUTH E. HAYDEN *"Mickey"*
315 Clifton Street
Malden, Massachusetts
Ambition: Navy
Activities: Protestant Club, Christmas Formal '51, Glee Club.
"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

JANET R. HELFAND *"Jan"*
513 Slocum Road
North Dartmouth, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatrics
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Glee Club, Christmas Formal Committee '51.
"Politeness is to do and say, the kindest things in the kindest way."

ANN HENLEY *"Hen"*
92 Prospect Street
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts
Ambition: Nurse—Secretary
Activities: Christmas Formal Committee '51, SNCA Vice President 3, Class Secretary 2, Dormitory Board, Community Fund '52.
"She walks in beauty like the night."

EDNA LOU HOOPER *"Lou"*
Rosie, Arkansas
Ambition: Pediatrics—V.A. Nursing
Activities: Protestant Club, Glee Club, Christmas Formal Committee '51.
"She says little but has a good word for everyone."

ROSE S. JINGOZIAN *"Rosie"*
625 East 5 Street
South Boston, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatrics — Nursing Arts Instructor
"Good nature is an asset."

CHRISTINE JEANETTE JONES
"Chris"
50 Cedar Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts
Ambition: Public Health Nurse
Activities: Glee Club, SNCA President 3, Protestant Club Treasurer, 3, Student-Faculty Relationship Committee.
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

NATALIE ANN KEAN *"Nat"*
93 Salem Street
Woburn, Massachusetts
Ambition: Public Health Nursing
Activities: Seton - Newman Club, Glee Club, SNCA.
"Quiet at first but look again."

FLORENCE MARCELLE KOBIALKA
"Koby"
20 Bellflower Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Ambition: Psychiatric Nursing—Travel—Marriage
Activities: Glee Club, Walcott Dance Committee, "Checks" Staff.
"Take life with ease."

PATRICIA E. MACAULEY
"Pat"
15 Pinckney Street
Boston, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Nursing—Travel
Activities: "On Call," "Checks" Staff.
"Quick of wit, warm of heart, lovable of nature."

BARBARA L. MASSE *"Barb"*
247 Walden Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Nursing, and travel
Activities: Seton-Newman Club, Glee Club.
"To win her heart is to win a life long friend."

MARCIA MUIR
120 West Main Street
Marlboro, Massachusetts
Ambition: Surgical Nursing, Clinical Intern, Airline Hostess
Activities: Class President 2, SNCA, Acting President 3, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Glee Club, Bridge Club, "Checks" Staff, Nominating Committee.
"It's nice to be natural when it's natural to be nice."

BARBARA OGILVIE *"Barbie"*
61 Avalon Avenue
Quincy, Massachusetts
Ambition: College, Travel
Activities: Glee Club, Walcott Dance Committee, "Checks" Staff, Nominating Committee, Christmas Formal Committee '51.
"Her eyes dance with life's delight."

MARGERY ALICE RATCHFORD
"Margie"
Eliot House, Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ambition: College, Microbiology Instructor
Activities: Glee Club, Bridge Club, Protestant Club, Cotton Ball Minstrel, "Checks" Staff, Christmas Formal '51, Basketball, Bazaar Committee.
"Her eyes express happiness and joy."

ANNE RICCI *"Annie"*
22 Village Street
Boston 18, Massachusetts
Ambition: College, Specialize
Activities: Glee Club, Seton-Newman Club, SNCA, Broader Horizons, "On Call," Copper Crafts.
"Cute, clever, full of fun, she's a friend to everyone."

YVONNE FRANCES SCHNELL
"Schnelly"
105 Chesbrough Road
West Roxbury, Massachusetts
Ambition: Air Force Flight Nurse
Activities: Basketball, Class Vice-president 2, Glee Club, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Dormitory Proctor.
"As merry as the day is long."

M. FAY SCRIBNER
"Scribie"
12 Louise Lane
Tenafly, New Jersey
Ambition: College — Psychiatric Nursing
Activities: Glee Club, Bridge Club, Chairman Finance Committee, Broader Horizons, Christmas Formal Committee '51, SNCA, "Checks" Staff, Bazaar Committee.
"She's little and wise; a terror for her size."

DOROTHEA ANNE SILVA
"Dottie"
160 Andover Street
Lowell, Massachusetts
Ambition: College—O. R. Nursing —Surgical Instructor
Activities: Glee Club, Bridge Club, "Checks" Staff, "On Call," Christmas Formal Committee '51, Basketball, Bazaar Committee.
"Oh men, perfect men, what a distraction!"

MONA T. SMITH *"Smitty"*
Chedco Farm
Berlin, Massachusetts
Ambition: Teaching
"She walks hand in hand with success."

HOLLIS B. STEER *"Holly"*
5101 39th Avenue
Long Island City, New York
Ambition: College
Activities: Seton - Newman Club, Bridge Club, Christmas Formal '51.
"She carries such a weight of learning like a flower."

RITA M. STOLULONIS
"Stol"
165 Madison Street
Worcester, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatries—Mrs. D. E. Sands
Activities: Student Faculty Committee, Bridge Club, "Checks" Staff, Walcott Dance Committee, Bazaar Committee, SNCA, Copper Crafts, "On Call."
"A genial manner makes life's journey smooth."

JUNE G. STOTT *"Junie"*
78 Moore Street
East Boston, Massachusetts
Ambition: V. N. A.
Activities: Glee Club, Seton-Newman Club, McLean Play '53, Copper Crafts, Christmas Formal Committee '51.
"The apparel oft proclaims the woman."

SIMONE THOMAS *"Tommy"*
121 South Candler Street
Decatur, Georgia
Ambition: Clinical Instructor—Bachelor of Science Degree
Activities: Drawsheet, Broader Horizons, Glee Club, SNCA, Nominating Committee.
"Dependability is the strength of friendship."

EDNA M. TOOMEY
53 Brett Street
Brockton, Massachusetts
Ambition: V. A. Nursing
Activities: "On Call," Glee Club, Seton-Newman Club.
"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."

RUTH E. VACHON *"Ruthie"*
60 Prospect Street
Stoughton, Massachusetts
Ambition: Pediatrics
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Dormitory Representative, Class Treasurer 2, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Glee Club.
"Full of fun and fancy free."

HELEN N. VAUTRAIN
"Nan"
66 Botolth Street
North Quincy, Massachusetts
Ambition: College — Specialize
Activities: Glee Club, Seton-Newman Club, "On Call," McLean Play.
"Merrily, merrily shall I go."

IRENE L. WEBLER *"I"*
141 Maple Street
North Agawam, Massachusetts
Ambition: Oral Scrub Nurse
Activities: Glee Club, Cotton Ball Minstrel. Walcott Dance Committee, "Checks" Co-editor, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Basketball '52, Protestant Club, Big-Little sister party, Bazaar Committee.
"Her smile is like the shining sun."

ALMA ESTELLA WHITE
"Alma Jean"
8 Belden Place
Norwalk, Connecticut
Ambition: Public Health — Surgical Nursing
Activities: SNCA, Copper Crafts, "Checks" Staff, Broader Horizons, Dormitory Proctor, Glee Club, Protestant Club, Student-Faculty Committee, Library Committee.
"Beauty is always queen."

JEAN WILLIS *"Jeannie"*
408 Cresent Street
West Bridgewater, Massachusetts
Ambition: Rehabilitation therapy at a V. A. Hospital
Activities: Walcott Dance Committee, Christmas Formal Committee '51, Snow Ball Minstrel, Glee Club, Protestant Club.
"Those who laugh will always be happy."

CAROL M. WORTMAN
31 Gould Street
Melrose, Massachusetts
Ambition: O. R. Scrub Nurse
Activities: Christmas Formal Committee '51, Glee Club, Red Cross, Copper Crafts, "On Call," Protestant Club, McLean Play '53.
"A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

ADELE CORKUM

R.N., Assistant Director of the Nursing Service, Baker Memorial

EILEEN WOLSELEY

R.N., B.S. Supervisor and Instructor in Surgical Nursing

Our friends and advisors who have helped us through many difficult moments during the past three years.

We, the classes of 1953 and 1954, wish to extend our thanks to you both for the time, patience, and guidance you have given us; and hope, that as the years go on, we'll always be able to to live up to the standards you have helped us form.

Through varying wishes, hopes and fears
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream.
Sir Walter Scott
Internship
Days
Probie Days

CLASS HISTORY — SEPTEMBER

Dear classmates:

The other day we chanced upon Per Se scrambling over the cornerstones we had left in her path during the past three years. To our surprise she had changed from the first day we met and her once plump, eager expression had been substituted by a more worn and mature look. She heaved a heavy sigh as she flipped through the annals of our achievement.

Page one; August 29, 1950: Remember, it seemed as if Sol was rebelling against that motly crew that arrived at MGH to take up the Nightingale Lamp. However, hot as the sun was, it did not serve to bleach the polished green faces that shone at the Reception Tea where a strange group of instructors bid us welcome. The green, however, changed to a beaming red the next day when we were led in pajamas and bathrobes through endless corridors of OPD for our complete physical.

As we came to some pictures of our Probie Dormitories, our memories slipped back to the church clock on Charles Street that chimed away each half hour during Study Hour. Finally, exactly at nine, before the last chime had died away, the occupants of 90 and 92 Charles Street descended upon Sharaf's, with pajamas rolled up under their coats. Those were the days of inter-dorm communications via fire-escape and where we learned that to give a little, gripe a little, and cry a little made happier student nurses.

Per Se paused, and from the page leaped the words "Firemen's Volunteer Auxiliary?" We recalled the night the third floor alley of Thayer was ablaze and drowned in a foot of water. Pajama clad nurses hung out the windows to watch activities while "Unsung Heroines" helped mop half the Charles River back to its source.

Roll Call still existed in those days. On the first day everyone was there on time, but we soon learned to sleep later, rush to roll call in time for our place in the alphabet, and resume sleep until breakfast. Can you recall the confusion when the instructor started from the end of the alphabet?

Yes, we learned; that is in some things. Did you ever see more blundering individuals than we, striving to master simple procedures in TCR, or when we took those "quizzes" (consisting of answers A to Z and reasons A to Z) in UOPD? Contrary to popular opinion we did study for those exams!

As Probie Period wore on so did the students, and the day came when Per Se smiled knowingly at us as we marched into the cafeteria with our new bibs. New bibs meant more time on the wards and it seemed that MGH imported patients with tubes and decubiti just for our experience.

Finally the terrifying week of finals arrived and TCR was transformed into a busy bee-hive. Per Se beckoned us into the forbiding room and decreed our sentence. Flaxseed poultices boiled away on the burners, steaming hot packs became cold as we brought them from the laundry to the patient, enemas were prepared with unerring accuracy, and medicines were ever so carefully poured.

The thought of vacation for one whole week helped to calm our shattered nerves and we departed with too much packed in too little, uttering a final threat, "I shall return."

Per Se agreed that a week was not sufficient but she had managed to recuperate and maintain a pace with the new S I's who dashed to their wards at quarter of seven each morning. Everything was tres gai until we realized that we now were old enough to work "relief", and it did take an edge off our morales when we straggled off "relief" at one o'clock.

With work must come play, so we, the new first year students, sponsored the spring formal, aptly termed "Heavenly Evening". The Mosely Rotonda was transformed into an ethereal body as angels and notes fluttered on the walls and pastel-gowned student nurses floated on imaginary clouds.

Following the Spring of '51, summer lured us into outside activities and Per Se scowled as she remembered the lobsters that crawled on duty at five after a day of "basking in the sun." Hot packs did not soothe the blisters nor comfort the arthritic in the heat of Bulfinch. As the temperatures soared upward, the girls in surgery mopped dry their sweat-stained brows as they strove to prevent I. V.'s from running dry and keep up with the fifteen minute blood pressures, while the girls in specialties majored in plumbing and cared for patients plastered in Paris. The girls in the Diet Kitchen managed to confuse their cohorts on the floors by sending out salt shakers on the 500 mg. Sodium diets and sugar shakers on diabetic trays.

That fall we became S 2's with all the pomp and circumstance we could muster. We admitted that Per Se must have had a strong constitution to have kept pace with us. But more was to come and suddenly we felt as if we belonged to this medical profession, and didn't we show it?

Boston-Lying-In bore the brunt of our first affiliation and along with it came the traumatic experience of transferring our belongings to another school. We were amazed to find that only one carton held the miscellaneous clothes and uniforms, and the other boxes contained our valuables such as pictures, books and trophies.

These three months proved hectic to the tobacco fiends who no longer could enjoy a cigarette with their meals. A well-worn path from the dining-room to the Rec room was established by all those able-bodied nurses who rushed down for a cigarette before they collapsed from a nicotine fit.

The well established fact that food is of importance to every student nurse held true on RH 3 where, in the middle of the night, delicious fried egg sandwiches were prepared but hastily disposed of when the white ballerina-clad feet of one supervisor hove into sight. During these reminiscences, Per Se recalled that she had difficulty in keeping up with the parties in the rooms and on the roof, the sign language system established between the Mass. School of Pharmacy and the Nurses' Home, and the fire escape escapades. But she hastily explained that she recovered during our interlude at MGH.

Wanderlust reared its head again and we answered the Call of the Wild, this time packing our boxes for McLean. As we approached the Hill, it seemed that the stately mansions fairly shook, but Per Se hastily advised us not to become paranoid. Our experience in psychiatry evolved around such duties as mopping floors and flourishing dust rags. Each morning, as soon as the patients appeared presentable, we hastily patched our aprons with adhesive and adjusted our crumpled caps, and leaving the rooms to air, we trotted off to the Coffee Shoppe, where the only difference between patients and nurses was that the patients had meal tickets while we paid cash, usually penny by penny. Tales of woe about people who actually worked on East House reached our ears but we disregarded these rumors completely.

McLean, we are sorry to say, still runs on the old theory that fish is brain food. Consequently, we had fish served frequently, sometimes as such but often quite cleverly disguised. This was alternated with onion and celery stews. Of course the delicious apples from the orchard helped to fill the gap while the Skippy Peanut Butter jar on the ward was a familiar food supplement.

We left McLean with the nostalgic odor of Pine Oil and ammonia lingering in our nostrils. We arrived at the General to mix scents with the Sulpha Napthal in the utility rooms and Phenol 20% in the OR.

A slight circum oral pallor was noted on Per Se's countenance with the mention of OR, our scrub gown era. She remembered, as did the rest of us, the contractures we suffered after hours of holding retractors; the times we contaminated ourselves by stifling yawns with gloved hands; the missing incidentals (knife handles and needles) when we set up kits; the student who set up a D and C without currettes; and the one who sterilized a toboggan when the surgeon asked for a *large* Dever. Those were the days of anorexia nervosa and skin-free hands.

We left the instruments to our successors and went on to Burnham to contend with supermen and wonder women, who seemed to mirror the activities of our own childhood, with slight atomic variations. Per Se grinned broadly as she reminded us of the darling babies we cuddled only to find ourselves in need of Pediculi treatments. We survived three months of stained and torn uniforms and bruised legs from the austin speed demons and regretfully left pediatrics with a collection of belts and wallets.

During these two years our class had drifted apart, but during the month of October and November of '52 we merged to produce the best show ever (or so we thought). On November 18th and 19th, New England Mutual Hall echoed with "On Call", the hilarious Variety Show which supplied us with enough excitement to last us until January 2nd, 1953, that memorable day of capping. Never before had we possessed such dignity and for the first time since Probie Period we had all the buttons in our uniforms and our shoes were polished. After the ceremony the "Women of Tomorrow?" fairly flew out of the Rotunda to cause a minor mob scene. This interneship marked a new change in our class. Postures improved and on pay day we internes actually wore smiles.

We didn't always appreciate our rotations, multiple relief and night duties, and solo flights on the wards while the younger students attended classes, but the over all values of our interneship greatly outweighed these inconviences. In those last eight months we became more cognizant of our ambitions and the roads which we might take in order to achieve them.

As we laid aside our reminiscences and looked about for our class spirit, we saw her far ahead of us, beckoning us eagerly onward into the future, per se.

CLASS HISTORY — FEBRUARY

Walcott living room seemed full of us as we sat rather uncomfortably on the edge of our seats. The pictures on the walls seemed to be scrutinizing this latest addition to the fold. Off in the corner, a group of uniformed students seemed to be ending a month's fast, or so it seemed in the way they were stuffing themselves. We looked on amazed as cookies and cake disappeared with reckless abandon, little realizing that we would soon be enjoying these feasts of teas to come. At last we were dismissed to our dormitories where those going to Charles Street hailed their huge closets and those at Thayer wailed at their wee ones. We exchanged names and admitted we were excited, scared, and amazingly enough hungry. We went to the dining room where those fortunates just finishing their first six months let us in on the gruesome facts of probiehood. Did we know that pharm was unconquerable, chemistry was fascinating, or that we probably had to give a man a bath? The next day, we at Charles Street found out that the girls at Thayer had the advantage of a few minutes extra sleep before roll call at six-forty-five A. M. The same day, we were introduced to the classical physicals which entailed parading through O.P.D. in our house coats AND blushing faces. The traditional cootie party given by the faculty, brought many laughs and a friendlier feeling between instructors and students. And will any of us forget those hot summer afternoons in U.O.P.D. watching Miss Perkins sip her cold glass of water during lecture? But, we soon forgot our long classes toward the end of our six months by going on a bouncing ride in M.G.H. trucks to cool Lynn beach where we took the faculty for an old New England Weenie Roast with all the trimmings *including* plenty of sand. Thus we were initiated, and yet as we look back, those six months were wonderful. We love to reminsce about them and secretly admit we would probably NEVER do it

again. We still agree that pharm is quite unconquerable; chemistry was fascinating, particularly for us since we had the added fun of wondering which would come first — organic chemistry or Mrs. Fernandez' twins; and then giving a man a bath soon became old stuff.

When we returned from vacation we were secure in the knowledge that at least now there were some students behind us. We were extremely proud working on the wards though we're sure some of our patients thought they were suffering from cardiac arrest as we conscientiously took their pulses for a full minute. Then there was the day the doctor made the mistake of asking one of us for some jelly to lubricate a Levine tube. T'was then we learned that the grape kind from the kitchen was not what he wanted. We felt we were quite adept at helping doctors, but soon learned that the advantage of assisting at a proctoscopy was that the room was dark so he never got to know who was passing the wrong things. With growing confidence we passed on to medicine where we found out that Bulfinch was synonymous with bedpan. Surgery was fascinating and after conquering White 7 we felt we could conquer anything. By now we had lost some of our classmates to the other sections and eyed them jealously as they proudly went on affiliation. We were comforted however, by the fact that O.P.D. was just ahead with four glorious week-ends off. Then we went on to pediatrics where we learned just what Miss Dollof had meant when she said that our digestive system was merely a short tract with two openings. On to urology and our old friends — nausea and vomiting. Orthopedics taught us that roller skating is not necessarily done in a ring, and gyn made us realize that according to Dr. Richardson's orders a person CAN exist without ever sitting down.

For two years we had lots of fun at picnics and parties, and Walcott dances (who can describe them and do them justice?). Our first year we were proud parents of the Christmas formal and what a baby it turned out to be. Some of us decided to import our men from foreign countries and our only regret was that we had no Ellis Island to send them back to. But our moment of triumph was yet to come — the senior show. Amazingly enough "On Call" was a hit and we smugly assumed our "we knew it all the time" look. While some of us went on a much needed vacation, others trudged bravely off to that hallowed ground White 3. Occasionally we had left patients there and scurried off, but to work there — unbelievable! Every night brought heated discussions on how unreasonable some doctors could be and other forms of rationalization to free ourselves from any blame. The fact of the matter is we now know why there are more grey haired surgeons than medical men. At last off to McLean. T'was there we eyed each other carefully and analyzed each and every move. T'was also there that we learned that man does not live by bread alone — he lives by bread and peanut butter — and that pretty green leafy plants are not to be picked or Sat In, because they leave their mark. At B.L.I. we discovered the thrill of having a baby, by proxy of course, and always between the hours of three and four in the morning. Gilbreth of "Cheaper By The Dozen" fame wouldn't have been so enthusiastic after a night duty in Richardson House Nursery.

Then back to the General to await that wonderful day — graduation! It didn't matter that the next day we went back into checks, our moment had come. We stayed up nights vowing to learn the school song and admired each others' white uniforms — and those caps — they seemed a foot tall. We were sad and happy at the same time. True we had finally reached our goal, and yet it meant that many wonderful times would soon be just memories. It will always be a mystery to us all how those years could hold so many joys and sorrows, frights and delights, and yet pass so quickly.

Pat Macauley

Norma June Blank

Barbara Ogilvie

Mass. General Hospital School of Nursing
Class of '53
Presents
"ON CALL"

Top picture entire cast
Lower right can can girls
Lower left square dancers
Opposite page top left to right reading down
1. Emergency Ward. M.G.H. Clem, Dr. Hiebert, after he broke his leg, being treated by Drs. Henderson and Glimcher.
2. Patient, Dr. Organic, being treated by Medical Student, R. Riley.
3. Drunkard Boy on Boston Common & Scharett and Dr. Organic.
4. Girl and Boy on Boston Common & Scharett and Dr. Organic.
5. Clem, Dr. Hiebert, and Emma, L. Eastman, at the Emcee Night Club.
6. Announcer Dr. L. Laster.
7. Main Characters Emma and Clem, L. Eastman and Dr. Hiebert.
8. Scene at Emergency Ward. M.G.H. Drs. Henderson, Rogers, Glimcher, and R. Riley examining M. Villes.
10. Clem and Emma are welcomed home to Maine.

H
BOSTON

"Whoever will may enter here."

POST OFFICE
HOURS

PROPHECY
Success
M. RATCHFORD

CLASS PROPHECY— SEPTEMBER

It was September, 1973 and time for another class reunion, necessitating the chore of locating our 1953 graduates. This task seemed to become more difficult each year, as our classmates became more well distributed over the face of the earth, engaged in a variety of fascinating activities which even we could not have foreseen in 1953. We progressed to our tattered file-box, in which was kept the names and last locations of the eighty-odd members of the 1953 graduating class.

A quick glance at the disarray of the cards informed us that someone had been meddling with our carefully kept records. To our dismay, we found ourselves gaping at a small figure scrambling with unbelievable vigor through our files. This pint-sized individual reminded us somewhat of our own class spirit, but we shook off the vague reminiscences of younger and more wild days and set our faces in more businesslike expressions.

"Slowed down a lot, haven't you, girls? Why, I remember the times when it took more than the speed of even this demon to keep track of you!"

Our angry protests at such impertinence were greeted by a lopsided grin and familiar toss of the head, which instantly called to mind the identity of this unpredictable little creature.

"Where have you been, Per Se?" we screamed, tossing aside our professional dignity for a moment to bombard our class spirit with innumerable questions concerning the whereabouts of our former classmates.

"Easy, girls," was the quick reply. "I'm a bit too tired to answer your questions now!" But as our faces fell, she added humanely, "Well, I suppose I can manage one more short tour to see our old friends; but after this fling, I think I'll retire on Old Class Spirits' Compensation!"

We started out in the same MGH truck which had faithfully carted our luggage (or should we be honest enough to admit that it was made up of old cardboard boxes?) on our affiliations. We had hardly imagined that our classmates could be engrossed in such amazing occupations; but then, read this and judge for yourselves!

After we had traveled for some distance, Bonny Gough's restaurant loomed up before us, and we decided that the gnawing pains in our gastric regions were not caused by ulcers but by good old-fashioned hunger. Upon entering, we discovered that this was a diabetic restaurant; but we were permitted to partake of a saccharin sandwich, complimented by Bo Johnson's, who was the master chef, latest culinary effort, the insulin cupcake. We went into the kitchen for a chat with Bo, whom we found sitting on a stool in the corner, her nose in a book. It was the latest in the Sue Gonbar, Girl Nurse series, by Sally Davis, entitled, "It happened One Night In the Utility Room."

We soon took to the open road, and only a mile up the road discovered a rather imposing edifice bearing the inscription, "Research Building." A quick glance at the directory told us that it was entirely staffed by MGH alumnae, and we decided to investigate further. As we entered, Mary Lehto dashed out of the building with a small leather bag tucked under her arm. She shouted a greeting and explained breathlessly that she could not stop as she was on her way to vaccinate some dogwood trees against rabies. Betty Laffey ran out on Mary's heels to tell us that she was in charge of a group of surgeons who required her to give them IV's of glucose when they missed their meals during long operations.

In her private lab, we found M. O. McKnight, who was employed by the SPDA (Society for the Prevention of Disease in Animals), a Florida organization. She had just discovered the virus which gives alligators their bumps. We were intrigued by a fragrant odor escaping from Sib Sweeney's lab, and we entered to find her administering her one millionth IV of steak and onions to an undernourished patient. Fran Shirley had also invented something patriotic, a three-bottle chest suction apparatus containing red, white, and blue water. Her able assistant, Jean Brownell, was busy blowing bubbles in the white water to increase her vital capacity.

Next door to this lab, we found Jan Gillette, diligently working on a thesis on the effects of laundry bags on nursing personnel. Jan directed us upstairs to the room where Ruth Muldowney displayed her Fashion Academy Award winning design, a white nurse's uniform with a built-in pressure cooker for cooking meals on duty to avoid the wear and tear of walking downstairs to a cafeteria.

As a small kangaroo bounded down the hall, Ruth told us how Carol Potter was cross breeding kangaroo and fox eggs in order to produce fur coats with pockets in them. We tiptoed by Peg Willsey, who was hard at work, experimenting on human beings to discover the cause of disease in rats. Dot Wallenius was also deep in research, being employed by the government to find the etiology of communicable diseases in grapefruit, a subject involving some fascinating public health aspects.

The last person we saw was Mary Horne, who came down the hall with some enormous packages. She explained that they contained wire-recordings of some of her favorite books, made especially for the education of those who could not read. She was mailing them to Mike Miles in Bolivia, who wanted "something different for Christmas presents for all her friends there".

Bursting with admiration for our classmates, we left the building to continue our travels. Just as night fell, we arrived at the rose-covered cottage of Claudette Smith, now a happily married woman rearing bouncing baby boys made of synthetic rubber. Fortunately, she invited us to remain for the night. She let us read a letter which she had just received from Alice Dana from Japan, where she and her husband could employ a maid and cook for five dollars per month. Alice wrote that her husband was complaining of chronic indigestion however.

As Nan Clark lived next door to Claudette, we stopped in to see her, and she proudly displayed pictures of her quadruplets. She suggested that we drop into the local theater where Cal Dwyer was playing the lead in "A Streetcar Named Carole." We decided to do so, and as we entered the theater, we met Lou Van Ham, a sable coat flung carelessly over her shoulders and diamonds on every finger, just out for a stroll with her French poodle. She told us that her husband, now an Admiral, had brought the god back from Paris for her.

We stopped at a newsstand for some reading material and discovered some interesting articles in our magazines. We chuckled through the Pulitzer Prize story by Marie Ohrn, entitled "I Was a Student Nurse For Eight Years" or "Why Mother Left Home." The same magazine contained a picture of Jean Manfredonia, an OR nurse, accepting an award as "The Girl We Would Most Like To Contaminate Our Sterile Field" from the American Butcher Association.

In a theatrical magazine, we discovered that Maurine Fox and her three children were playing to full houses in a revival of the play, "The Little Foxes." There was also a biographical tale of Florence Fletcher, whose latest accomplishment was a play entitled "Paint Your Ambulance."

Someone ran up to the stand-keeper and breathlessly asked for the magazine New Jersey Views Nursing", edited by Ann Roberts, but it was all sold out. The disappointed customer turned out to be Jackie Thornton, now a supervisor of supervisors. Her latest contribution to society was to annex the supervisors' dining room to the penthouse by skyhooks.

Having completed our browsing, we fairly flew to our truck, which sported three tickets for triple parking. Driving slowly, we glimpsed Nan Buchanan on her way to the hospital with sandwiches for her husband, who, as director, could find no time for regular meals. As soon as Nan faded into the distance, Doris Hill appeared, wearing a dress made of Codeine labels and Asperin (0.6 Gm.) earrings. We left her explaining to the FBI man who followed her how she had obtained the Codeine.

Picturesque farms appeared on each side of the road, and we realized that we had reached the country. Per Se directed us to Lucy Barker's ranch, where she was raising sterile cows to eliminate the cost of pasteurization. Mary Ristuccia emerged from next door to urge us to try one of her special home-raised cottage cheese salads, for which she had received a commendation from the Cottage Cheese Lovers Association. We also found B. J. Hintz in the country; she was looking just everywhere for a left-handed needle holder which a surgeon had requested of her in 1953.

We traveled on, hoping to make up for lost time, but were halted once more by our curiosity. We had entered the industrial section of another city, and here found Ann Cleary, working at the Sleeping Beauty Factory testing foam rubber mattresses to make sure that they were orthopedically correct. Em Thibodeau was employed by the same concern, making foam rubber shoes with attached roller skates for lazy nurses with aching feet.

In the paper factory across the street, Dot Randall was working her way through college by punching holes in three ring notebook paper. We had always wondered who performed this vital task.

The Well-dressed Nurses Company employed Ruthie Warburton as fashion designer. Her latest creation was a new MGH student uniform with green and white checks on a fuschia background, color designed to rest the eyes. Betty Leigh, her associate, had added a beanie with green and white checked propellor to complete the outfit. They told us that M. J. McKnight, who now had her own TV program, had promised to feature the new uniform in her interview with the Woman of the Year, a student nurse, as in 1953.

As we wandered toward the educational section of town, we met Maggie Platts, who had just agreed to appear as "Miss English Oval" on the packages of cigarettes bearing the same name. Maggie was flourishing a newspaper which had Barb Kisiel's name in headlines. According to the article, Barb was a much sought-after OR nurse who always scrubbed on three operations at the same time, a feat requiring split-second timing.

In the center of town, we found the Nelson Home for Little Wanderers. Bev personally conducted us on a tour of her revolutionary institution, staffed entirely by student nurses. We were most fascinated by the "Sneak A Smoke Room", which was restricted to nurses on duty so that they could feel as if they were getting away with something. Bev told us that Meg Robertson was now a Federal Secret Service Agent, zealously guarding penicillin on Air Force flights to North Carolina. She also mentioned Lou Conte's new six month training program, which carried with it a IM6M degree. (I made it in six months!) Her studious nature having finally overcome her, Lou was instructor in chief at a neighboring hospital.

We were surprised to find Judy Slabaugh a patient in Lou's hospital. She was recuperating from a winter ski-weekend somewhere in New Hampshire. Hermie Fliege was serving as Supervisor of the Utility Room here. Her chief concern seemed to be to make sure that the medical and nursing staffs cooperated in giving the autoclave its weekly physical. She had just saved the day by sticking her finger in a leaky faucet to prevent a hemorrhage until the plumber arrived to restore it to health with a neatly applied metal tourniquet. We left her checking the blood pressure of the faucet every five minutes.

At this moment Peg Sawyer marched in, her face punctuated by an ear to ear grin. Peg was practicing for her TV commercial where she smiled toothily for chlorophyl toothpaste. Mary Kay Remsburg also dropped in. Having just been appointed director of nursing at MGH, she was enroute to Boston to plan a testimonial to Miss Sleeper, the retiring director. Laura Lima, now a pediatric nurse, was accompanying Mary K, in order to collect the Boston royalties on her new song, "Come To Me, My Melancholic Baby."

The animal Rescue League building loomed ahead, and we investigated its corridors to find Jane Hovey, a social worker for the League. At the present time, she was attempting to place an unwanted cocker spaniel who had lost her tail in a cat fight. Ruth Fitzgerald was obstetrician-in-chief of the hospital, her specialty being research in the gestation period of large mammals, especially whales and elephants.

Seated directly behind Jane in her office, was Carole Donnelly, who was knitting as if her life depended upon it. Carole lifted a wan face to tell us that she had to sell the baby set she started in 1953 because the baby had grown to a size sixteen. We let Carole go back to her work and stole away silently.

We paused in respectful silence as a funeral procession passed, with Polly Boari, only female mortician in the United States, in the lead. We spoke to her for but a moment; she looked at us speculatingly and informed us that business was booming.

Still seeking the educational wizards among our friends, we learned that Nancy MacMillan was Secretary of the SPCN (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Nurses), presently investigating the case of a nurse who claimed she had been forced to work an eight day week. Peggy Laffey, a member of the nurses' union, was picketing SPCN headquarters, demanding larger medicine closets for nearsighted nurses. Peg pointed out another new nursing school in the neighborhood. Its most popular course, "How to pass State Board Exams without Study" was being taught by our own Betty Stoughton.

We paused in the recreation room of Betty's hospital to listen to the music of Martha Ann Fieldhouse and her all-girl orchestra, which was currently touring the country playing special Student Nurse Benefits during study hours.

Jean Rodrick was specialing in a Psychiatric hospital nearby, taking care of millionaires who had gone haywire in the 1968 depression. Dolly White was offering her experience in this hospital as instructor for the course "Home Care of the Student on Major Warning." We found her reading a magazine article by Jan Rowe Smith entitled "The OR

Nurse's Role In Caring For the Specimen During Bone Graft." Dolly told us that Mei-Mei Robinson had just become supervisor of the Miller Wicking Department at MGH.

Our last stop in this vicinity was a visit to the OPD of another hospital, where we heard about Betty Gallagher, currently working as night nurse there. This was the only place she could find where she could sleep 11PM to 7AM without interruption for coffee time.

We returned to Boston for a get together with some more of our friends, meeting in Walcott Rec Room. After drinking the proverbial tea, we decided that we needed a cup of coffee. As we left the White building (a few had climbed the wall surrounding Walcott) we saw Barb Bullard being rushed into E.W. The police were nice enough to let us speak with her for a few minutes. She had been campaigning on the common for the three year school of nursing plan when a car had swerved over the curbstone and knocked her off the platform. She tried to hand us some pamphlets on the subject, but the police interrupted, so we left.

We stopped at a small restaurant in HARVARD Sq., so small that some of us had to stand outside to chat. However, nothing could suppress our desire to reminisce. Beth Hubley looked grand in her Air Force uniform. She was in charge of a psychiatric unit for airmen who had flown forty missions without planes.

Above the din, we heard Marilyn Marzelli offering to autograph her book, "MGH Confidential". Since it had been banned in Boston, however, no one knew what she was talking about. Gloria Reuter had come up from New York, where she was subbing for "Alice" on the Jackie Gleason show, and also working like a dog in an animal act on Coney Island.

We were not surprised to hear that Molly Groetz was working as clinic nurse at MIT and Phyl Tucker had set up her own switchboard in Winchester. Phyl was also chairman of the PTA there, a post awarded to the parent with the most children enrolled in the public schools. Betsey Buck and Alice Gill and their respective husbands were running a rest-home in Provincetown for worn out New Yorkers and nurses in the same condition. We marveled at their collections of shells which they had gathered over the years. We were also very impressed by Barb McGarrity's new burlap casual which she had purchased on her latest vacation in Capri. Unfortunately, Barb had to leave early, as she was working in Minnie's on a split.

We visited several other places after Barb left. Norma Walker kept disappearing at these spots; her training as a Public Health Nurse compelled her to check the kitchens to see that they were complying with sanitation laws. Duty minded Norm almost had us forceably ejected from one establishment when she loudly insisted that it be closed down.

A familiar face appeared on the TV screen just then diverting everyone's attention. It was Syl Brown, explaining her discovery of how to pump oxygen directly into the veins of people with congenital heart disease. She hit upon the idea when pumping up her automobile tires. Syl always had a wonderful mind for association!

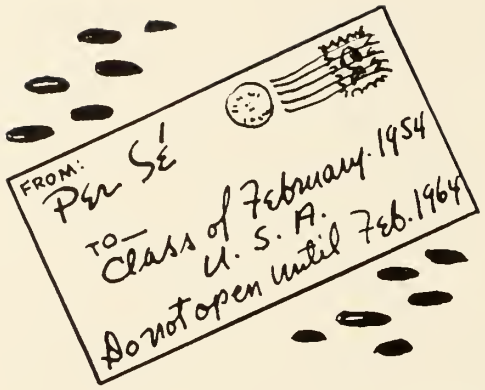
This program was followed by a presentation by Anne Lynch, who had revolutionized the TV world by instituting a two-minute program with a twenty-eight minute commercial. Her sponsor, the Wide-Awake Benzedrine Company, had presented her with a special award.

Cory Boucher was the next to make a hurried departure. She was a stewardess on flights to Indonesia, and she had to catch her plane. We told her to give our regards to Judy Gilmore, who was working there in a leper colony. Judy had sent a telegram explaining why she couldn't come to our reunion!

Before we could stop her, Jean Sivert jumped up on the table to put her foot on the bill. She insisted that she should pay it. Being owner of a chain of hosiery shops dealing exclusively in black nylons not only gave her the money for such expenses, but also revealed her other incentive, to display her own sheer handmade nylons. It was rumored that Gay Jones was considering a merger with Jean. Gay had a shop, catering to the student nurse trade, where runs in black stockings were invisibly repaired.

Happy to have our expenses paid for us, we finished our coffee and crushed out our cigarettes and headed for home. As we wearily climbed the stairs to our rooms, we decided that perhaps Per Se was correct in the assumption that we were getting old. Of course, we would never admit the fact to her!

But as she hopped upon the windowsill, and turned back to see us collapse on our beds, a knowing chuckle escaped her lips, and we realized that, as always, our secrets were not secure from Per Se!



Dear "Little Ones",

As you open and read this letter ten years from now, you will recall sitting around the bonfire at our last get together. You didn't know I was there. I watched you, laughed and reminisced with you about the things we had shared through the past three years.

You sang your class songs, and your thoughts were only of the past. As the time flew on, I became sad, for my time with you was coming to an end. Little did I know that my job was not yet through, for as you sat there watching the fire die, I was suddenly—because of unknown underlying principles—tossed into the future.

I found myself flying through the blue, sitting on top of an aluminum carrier—one which was very familiar in shape—as I had seen it often covered with a blue and white striped flag, but now bearing the insignia "Butts only". As I was gazing bewilderedly at the surroundings, a young stewardess approached me and I recognized the cheery smile of Marcia Muir. After exchanging greetings, she told me she had opened her own private air business featuring a non-stop flight from Boston to Vermont, as Pan American was monopolizing the present air travel trade.

Marcia told me that she had just returned from a flight to France, where she personally conducted Alma White on her demonstration tour of the latest trends in medical art. Alma has achieved great fame in this field for her illustrations of the "effect of jelly on Miller, Abbot and Levine."

While in France, they went to visit Pat Macauley, now editor of the French Journal of Nursing, only to find her working diligently on this month's illustrative story on the missionary work of Simone Thomas. She told us that Tommie's new endeavor was teaching French to Chinese children in French Indo China. Pat had just completed her new novel, "Prevent Gastric Ulcers by Staying Happy".

As we landed at Logan Airport, we were greeted by a colorful billboard announcing the new Broadway hit "I Am A Pogo Follower", written by Mona Smith and starring Joan Brunjes, who last appeared in "Just Plain Bill". Marcia told me that Mona's novel, "Men Do Make Passes At Girls Who Wear Glasses" had sold out at R. H. White's. We bid Marcia goodby and walked toward the revolving door of the lobby, only to find it spinning. It was Barb Masse who had returned from Germany three weeks late as usual, to discuss in the U. N. the advantages of being a German war bride. She told me about meeting Jan Bisson and Di Eager and of their recent appointments as directors of a new American hospital on the shores of the canals of Venice. At the same hospital, Joanie Caine was doing research on the sodium content of the canal water in relation to sodium restricted diets and its effect on electrolyte balance. I entered the lobby and heard Flo Kobialka on the radio advertising her latest product—"If your yodel is weak, and you find you can't speak, my lozenges you can take, and it's millions you'll make".

I hopped onto a Steer-Right Cab, one of Holly's latest 1964 models, which was certainly smoother riding than the bumpy beach wagon rides I used to tag along on down Charles Street ten years ago. While cruising down Embankment Road, I noticed that an unusual type of hospital was just being completed. Upon further scanning, I discovered its founder to be Ruth Hayden, whose main claim to fame was orthopedic braces for broken down horses. All of a sudden, our cab was stopped by a large crowd of people who were rushing to MGM "Pops" night at the Esplanade Shell. We heard a soprano voice singing "The Boston Beguine", and it was none other than Barbara Cousins accompanied by Pat Dwyer. Holly told me that Bobbie had come in from Springfield that night where she is spending her free time singing lullaby's on the Homemaker's Radio hour and Pat is following in the footsteps of her famous pianist husband. Just as we were leaving, Marge Ratchford called to us and fought her way through the mob. It seems that she organized the concert in between her work in the research department at M.G.H. where she has been studying the side effects of microbes on mosquito control. I bid them all goodby and crossed Embankment Road to where the newest nurse's residence had been built on the site of the old #22. This is the ultra in modern design, and was donated by Nat Keen's husband, a prominent politician in Massachusetts. Nat has been fighting for better living quarters for student nurses and has installed a hot coffee and cigarette machine in every room. I started up the escalator in front of the house, and the door opened automatically. I was welcomed by Dottie Fagan who is now Director of Nurses at MGH. Memories of our Big-Little Sister Party came back to me, but there was one change—dusting powder was no longer necessary to grey Dotty's hair, for her intensive work on achieving a two year course for R.N.'s while working a 72-hour week had done the chore naturally. I asked Dot if she had heard from her fellow Newporter, June Blank. She said that she had received a letter from her just a few days ago, and that she is still there waiting for her admiral to return from a crusade. We hear that he's high on a hill—fighting for the "Cross."

One of the newest features in this modern home was a built in, made to order, readily available, date bureau run by the social butterfly, Ruth Vachon. Ruthie was busy interviewing prospective dates that her friend and co-worker, Jean Willis, had sent over from the local U.S.O. center. They had decided that after working relief six nights a week, they needed some diversional therapy to take their minds off nursing. Since they couldn't find me a date, I left. I hopped the MTA to South Station. While waiting for the train, I met Jean Gagnon Forman and her husband, who is now editor of the Boston Herald, on their way to a convention in New York. They were making this trip to cover a forum to be given by Dr. Yvonne Schenell of Columbia University on the necessity of incorporating English Lit and spelling into nursing programs. Jeanne is in the headlines, too, as she had recently been appointed president of the National Ski Patrol and will soon fly to Switzerland for the Geneva Conference. She is being met by Anne Henley, now a skiing instructor, who has made millions by patenting jib skis for that added speed.

I boarded the train for New York, and purchased a magazine entitled, "The Sands of Time" published by Rita Stolulonis and her husband. On the inside cover, there was a picture of Rita modeling her newest creation, a black and white checked nylon negligee, featuring white collar and cuffs. Time passed quickly, and soon we were in Grand Central Station. Amid the confusion, I tripped over a suitcase and almost knocked over its owner, Irene Webler. She was on her way to California to complete her survey on the effects of teeth on the decaying population. She said she had just spent the weekend in Philadelphia with Dottie Silva, who is now the wife of a world famed heart surgeon. Dottie had just been awarded the honor, "OUTSTANDING MOTHER OF THE YEAR", for having had nine sons in ten years. Driven by an unknown power to find my friends, I was again on my way, this time headed up the great white way studded with its exclusive shops. The strange feeling that I was headed for Jones Beach lured me into the "WHERE IS IT?" bathing suit shop. June Stott and Carol Wortman were the co-designers of the bathing suits guaranteed to fit into your cigarette case and still leave room for king sized cigarettes. In the center of a built-in-pool, Fay Scribner was modeling one of the new designs, and I saw that at last she had found something that fit her without any alterations. Her husband was recently promoted to president of Carberrys, one of New York's biggest department stores. As the suit "swam" on me, I left the store destined to go to Jones Beach. I caught a bus going in that direction and sat back to enjoy the sights. Suddenly my view was obstructed by the petite figure of Edna Hopper who had taken the job of guide so she could see the sights of New York before returning to Rosie, Arkansas, to assume the position of Public Health Nurse.

While we reminisced about the old days at the General, she told us that Rose Jingozian was head nurse on the new female wing of White 6. This has been developed in order to maintain the morale of the male patients. Edna says she's having quite a job of it. As the bus drove along the boulevard of Jones Beach, our attention was directed to the opening of a new Pizza house which was featuring pizzas of the non-fattening variety. Since the desire of pizza had been instilled within me back in student days, I decided to investigate this unusual offer. When I entered, I was greeted by the owners, Ann Ricci and Marie DiMattia. They persuaded me to stay for the floor show which was just about to start. Its feature attraction was none other than Barb Ogilvie, the Hula-Hulaist of the East. They had just imported this act from New Hampshire where she had been lecturing on "Woman of the World". Adjoining the pizza house was a modernistic First Aid station run by Chris Jones, who thought that it was appropriate to work at her namesake's beach. Her slogan was "When you're riding a wave and people think you are grave, take a dramamine pill, to prevent getting ill". Chris told us that Agnes Cahoon had taken a job as life guard, and I was glad to hear that she was combining her knowledge of body mechanics and her love of the ocean. While strolling along the beach, I met Nan Vautrain and Edna Toomey who were on a much needed vacation from their recent invention, the automatic needle threader for rapid surgeons. They were just acclaimed for their good use of resources in this field.

Traveling further down the boardwalk, I met Jan Helfand with her two sets of twins who were overjoyed about their mother's new economic invention, the non-drip, four-scooped, multiple ice-cream cone. It seems she had to figure out a time saver so she could have a few minutes to spare with her other eleven children.

Down on the beach I spied what appeared to be an old New England bonfire. I hustled over there to find Barb Flynn reminiscing over the old days at M.G.H. She told me she was presently working on the thesis for her Master's Degree entitled, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You".

With a sudden flare-up, the blaze became more vivid and seemed to engulf me. It was then I realized that I had been carried away by my imagination and the sincere hopes for your success in the future, for I find myself still sitting at our 1954 farewell gathering.

Best Wishes for Your Future Happiness and Success,

Your devoted Shadow,

Per Se

"DAVE

WILL
M. RATCHFORD

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT— SEPTEMBER

We, of the class of September, 1953, being of sound mind, and about to depart this life as members of the student body of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing, having completed three years of hard labor and good times, having described and survived the symptoms, real or imagined, of cardiac conditions, ulcers, appendicitis, gastro-intestinal upsets, malignancies, blood dyscracias, neurasthenias, schizophrenia, various traumas, and having contributed to the best of our ability, headaches and happiness to the faculty, employees and board of trustees of our parent institution, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

I, Lucy Barker, leave a gallon can of raw milk to be delivered to the nurses' cafeteria every day, especially for the other New Hampshire residents who eat there.

I, Pauline Boari, will take up a collection to provide a car to be used by student nurses for pleasure transportation.

I, Corinne Boucher, do share my wonderful parents with any students who are unable to get home to theirs.

I, Sylvia Brown, leave a season ticket for all wrestling matches to any student who wasn't around when I gave away my body-building magazines.

I, Jean Brownell, offer my successful correspondence course to all who are troubled by dust in their mailboxes; and a dust-rag if the venture is a failure.

I, Nancy Marshall Buchanan, leave a deck of stacked cards to students affiliating at McLean, in memory of our class Bridge Club.

I, Betsey Buck, leave my collection of train ticket stubs to pave a shorter route to my own Cape Cod.

I, Barbara Bullard, leave my ability to manage the senior class and to keep things down to a dull roar during class meetings to the next Senior President.

I, Nancy Warren Clark, leave my classical music albums to those unfortunates whose roommates are fond of the Lone Ranger.

I, Ann Cleary, leave my preclinical final average to be divided among those preclinicals in the lower third of their class.

I, Louise Conte, leave a supply of size twelve scrub gowns to the other poor souls who resemble Omar the tent-maker, during their six-weeks in the O.R.

I, Alice Forstall Dana, leave a book entitled "It Took Me Six Years To Learn To Carry the Lamp" the proceeds of which are to go to Miss Hicks, who plotted my course.

I, Sally Davis, leave rapidly for the beckoning Wild West, dropping my black stockings behind me.

I, Carole Donnelly, leave my sneakers and dungarees. This is a great sacrifice; I just won't feel right without them.

I, Carole Dwyer, leave the key to my clothes closet; sorry, I'm taking the clothes with me.

I, Martha Ann Fieldhouse, leave a large bottle of my "Spirits Of Helpfulness" to be sprinkled liberally on all future classes on entering day.

I, Ruth Mann Fitzgerald, leave my resourcefulness to anyone who wants to get married on one day notice.

I, Florence Fletcher, leave my ability to mimic anybody or anything to anyone in need of an evening of entertainment.

I, Hermine Fliege, leave my booming voice to the next chairman of the Judiciary Board, to aid her in better enforcing penalties upon timorous students.

I, Maurine Fox, leave the knowledge that all things come to she who waits. Weekend passes, too!

I, Elizabeth Gallagher, leave a lock of my blond hair as inspiration for those to whom it doesn't come naturally.

We, Alice Gill and Jean Sivret leave our double rooms, love of harmonizing, and ability to wear each other's clothes to future roommates at M.G.H.

I, Janice Gillette, leave a promissory note in the Nursing School Office for anyone in need of my talents in decorating nurses' dormitories.

I, Judith Gilmore, leave my "baby blues" to any future student who can use them as well as I do.

I, Bonnie Gough, leave my gavel, still echoing after the M.S.N.C.A. meetings, to anyone else strong enough to lift it.

I, Marlene Groetz, leave my ability to remain calm and collected under any circumstance to the staff on White 7.

I, Doris Hill, leave my hairnet to the preclinical nursing arts department for demonstration purposes.

I, Betty Jane Hintz, leave my "Scuffy" shoe polish with complete directions on how to apply to suede shoes successfully.

I, Mary Horne, leave my library of modern literature to anyone else who believes that self-education is possible.

I, Jane Corliss Hovey, leave the memory with many of my classmates of my fabulous discoveries under the microscope in lab. Wasn't that air bubble pretty?

I, Beth Hubley, leave Broader Horizons with the hope that it will function as well in the future.

I, Barbara Johnston Israel, leave to raise my own baseball team.

I, Mary Gay Eddy Jones, leave my ability to keep secrets to the Pinkerton Agency.

I, Barbara Kisiel, leave my bubbling personality to anyone who thinks she may have trouble in making friends.

We, Elinore and Elizabeth Laffey, leave a trail of people at the Eye Clinic complaining of diplopia. Really, there are two of us.

I, Mary Lehto, leave my ability to capture the likenesses of my classmates with my camera to future yearbook photographers.

I, Clara Leigh, leave my washcloth to B.L.I. I hate to part with it!

I, Laura Lima, leave my diminutive measurements to the hospital laundry service as a last full measure of shrinkage.

I, Ann Lynch, leave my own special shampoo, scientifically prepared to bring out various color highlights, to anyone wishing to amaze her classmates.

I, Barbara McGarrity, leave my cigarette cough to research.

I, Mary J. McKnight, leave proudly. Why not? Her ears were pierced by a Doctor!

I, Mary O. McKnight, leave my collection of books and library cards to P. D. L. to vary the selection of reading material available there.

I, Nancy Bechtel McMillan, leave my gardenia plant to the landscaper who is currently improving the grounds.

I, Genevieve Manfredonia, leave my knack of having fun to the Russians.

I, Marilyn Marzelli, leave my supply of stationery and air-mail stamps to any other student who writes to far away places as often as I do.

I, Marlene Miles, leave my little finger already bandaged, for the next female patient in the next E. W. scene in the next Senior Class show.

I, Ruth Muldowney, leave an extra loud buzzer in my room; the regular one never woke me up.

I, Beverly Nelson, leave a green convertible on the condition that I may retain fifty per cent ownership and the right to drive it when I wish.

I, Marie Ohrn, leave my beloved bed to anyone else who can find the time to sleep as much as I do.

I, Margaret Platts, having migrated from merry England, leave my successful foreign policy to the United Nations.

I, Carol Potter, leave new hand-knit argyle-plaid glove cases to CSR.

I, Dorothy Randall, leave the plans for an automatic typewriter which can write as fast as I can think.

I, Mary K. Remsberg, leave my file of indexed knowledge to all instructors who have difficulty answering the questions of other technically minded students.

I, Gloria Reuter, leave my infectious laugh to — well, doesn't anyone want it?

I, Mary Ristuccia, leave an iron in each dormitory to replace the ones I wore out.

I, Ann Roberts, leave my characteristic walk to anyone wanting to get anywhere in a hurry.

I, Margaret Robertson, leave quietly, but not so quietly as I came.

I, Gudrun Robinson, leave my horizontal schizophrenic tendencies to be analyzed by any budding psychiatric nurse.

I, Jean Rodrick, leave numerous matchbook covers to undergraduates who wish to send away for a six-week correspondence course in nursing.

I, Margaret Sawyer, leave my well-worn directions for solo auto trips to all beginning driving students, who must have sturdy cars and insurance policies.

I, Frances Shirley, leave a bottle of sun-tan oil for all those who spend long hours on the roof. I won't need it as I'm leaving soon for Florida.

I, Juliann Slabaugh, would leave my dancing shoes and leotard to our Hall of Fame, if we had one.

I, Claudette Smith, leave my set of pearly teeth to Dental Clinic.

I, Janet Rowe Smith, leave my secret of how to preserve a Bermuda-acquired tan to the ardent sun worshippers in other classes.

I, Elizabeth Stoughton, leave an infectious smile to cheer on the relief workers after I am gone.

I, Sylvia Sweeney, leave my golf clubs, can-can costume, and green high heels to anyone who has trouble cramming as many different things into one closet qs I do.

I, Emily Thibodeau, leave a collection of shorn locks to be used in making soft mattresses for all permanent night nurses.

I, Jacquelyn Thornton, leave my live-wire system of accumulating and distributing all the latest news to Walter Winchell.

I, Phyllis Tucker, leave my happy-go-lucky philosophy on life to all future student nurses.

I, Louanne Van Ham, leave my long shirts and coats to anyone who can use them; she must be at least six feet tall so she won't trip over them, however!

I, Norma Walker, leave my ability to pour two hundred cups of tea in one afternoon without spilling a drop to all future hostesses.

I, Dorothy Wallenius, leave a scooter for delivering Walcott Dance posters to outside schools to the girls who are given the task next year.

I, Ruth Warburton, leave my administrative ability to the National Guard so that they may protect the interests of the country as successfully as I have mine.

I, Dolores White, leave to all new students my look of calmness and assurance in all situations — even when in truth you're scared to death! Takes practice but can be done.

I, Margaret Willsey, leave my long legs to the other students who have to run as fast as I do to be in by midnight.

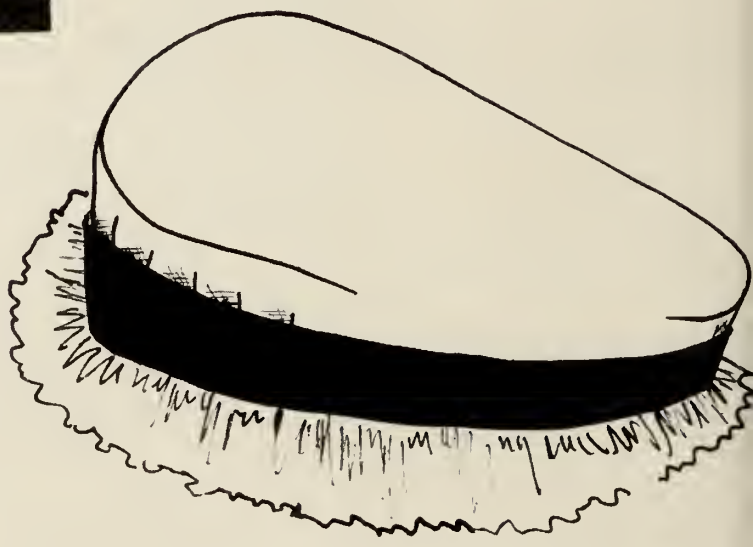
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT— FEBRUARY

We, the February class of 1954, having struggled through our three years at M.G.H., but still retaining our indomitable spirit, leave the following cherished possessions for those most fitting to receive them:

I, Jan Bisson, leave my HVHPHF low caloric diet.
I, Norma Blank, leave a package of gum and a ticket to Newport to anyone who hasn't lived yet.
I, Joan Brunjes, leave one pair of black Mary Poppin shoes.
I, Agnes Cahoon, leave my room full of food to any hungry underclassman.
I, Joannie Caine, leave in stitches, a splinter left behind.
I, Bobbie Cousens, leave my "private party" food supply.
I, Pat Dwyer, leave my volume of notes for the class letter writers.
I, Marie DiMattia, leave my giggle because I have plenty left for the future.
I, Di Eager, leave a right hand turn at Charles Street Circle.
I, Dotty Fagan, leave my ash trays.
I, Barb Flynn, leave my knee sock.
I, Jeannie Gagnon, leave my laundry bag for anyone going on affiliation.
I, Ruthie Hayden, leave my uke to Hayloft Jamboree.
We, Jan Helfand and Ruthie Vachon, leave for the Perkins Institute for the Blind.
I, Ann Henley, leave my sailboat on the Charles.
I, Edna Lou Hooper, leave my shoes 'cause I won't need them back in Rosie near Goody Creek.
I, Rosie Jingozian, regretfully leave Sarah.
I, Chris Jones, leave my ability to always be given a front row seat.
I, Nat Kean, leave with a cup of coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other.
I, Florence Kobialka, leave my hillbilly music and Polish dances.
I, Pat Macauley, leave a needle with black thread for anyone else who is compulsive about sewing up runs.
I, Barb Masse, leave my alarm clock — still ringing.
I, Marcia Muir, leave my meticulous hair setting and letter writing because two A. M. will be too late for me as a graduate.
I, Barbara Ogilvie, leave my E. W. bed and one O. R. table on New Year's Eve.
I, Marjorie Ratchford, leave my barber shop under the glorious Harvard banner.

I, Ann Ricci, would leave my ace bandage, but I'm still using it.
I, Yvonne Schnell, leave my job as dorm arouser to any one ambitious enough (or crazy enough) to get up at six A. M.
I, Fay Scribner, leave my Florida romance to anyone lucky enough to find one.
I, Mona Smith, leave my lounging clothes.
I, June Stott, leave my hot water bottle.
I, Dorothea Silva, leave Vanderbilt and wish I never had.
I, Hollis Steer, leave my many alarm clocks for other sound sleepers.
I, Rita Stolulonis, leave the postman with a few extra hours on his hands.
I, Simone Thomas, leave my first name, by now I never use it.
I, Edna Toomey, leave my dogs.
I, Nancy Vautrain, leave — knitting.
I, Irene Webler, leave my many headaches to the co-editor of next year's year book.
I, Alma White, leave the sewing machine free only because it's too big to take with me.
I, Jeannie Willis, leave my infectious laugh, most infectious at three A. M.
I, Carol Wortman, leave doing a duck walk in my green jersey pajamas.

June 5th



GRADUATION

ACTIVITIES

THE GUILD OF PROTESTANT NURSES

The Guild of Protestant Nurses opened its 1952-53 season with a variety of activities scheduled, including joint meetings with the Theology students affiliating at the hospital and with the Seton-Newman Club. At the regular meetings, held each month, September through May, a short worship service led by one of the officers introduces the meeting. A business meeting follows. Many speakers were engaged during the year and these speakers helped to broaden the scope of understanding that the nurse must have as part of patient care.

The officers of the Protestant Club are:

PRESIDENT — Barbara Cousins
VICE-PRESIDENT — Elizabeth Gallagher
SECRETARY — Martha Ann Fieldhouse
TREASURER — Christine Jones

Barbara Mayer and Charlotte Brown were also on the executive board.

SETON-NEWMAN CLUB

The Seton-Newman Club functions in behalf of the Catholic students at the MGH. Any type of student (nurse, dietician, etc.), may become a member, although, for the most part, membership has consisted of student nurses up to now; and all graduates are welcome to attend the meetings that are held once each month.

The Catholic Chaplain of the hospital acts as our spiritual advisor, and Miss Quinlan as faculty advisor. The prime purpose of the club is to provide a means whereby the members may carry over the ideals and apostolic creeds of the Catholic Church and God into their nursing in hopes of becoming more understanding, patient, and, in general, better nurses with strong favorable patient relationships. These meetings also provide a get-together whereby all problems encountered in nursing and social life may be answered and solved, if possible.

After the initial old and new business is taken care of at the meetings, our Chaplain talks about any subject which may have been requested or that he deems interesting. It may concern nursing, courtship, marriage or better knowledge of our faith and church. Sometimes we have, in addition, movies or guest speakers; more often we devote these few hours each month to our Chaplain to allow him to talk with the students. After each meeting a refreshment period and social gathering follows.

Once each year we have a Communion breakfast at our Chaplain's Parish, a Sunday Coffee hour with the Protestant Club, a picnic with the Protestant Club, and various holiday parties.

Further and larger social activities are offered by the Newman Club Federation located in Copley Square, for we are but a small branch of the large National Newman Federation which has clubs in all American colleges and large cities.

THE STUDENT NURSES COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

The S.N.C.A. is the official student government organization of the school of nursing. As the name implies, this organization is run primarily by students with the help of certain faculty advisors. As with any student government organization it has the responsibility of enforcing school regulations in addition to many other primary objectives. Its annual calendar sponsors such things as the Christmas and June formals, Thanksgiving and Christmas open house, and many other extra-curricular activities for the student body. The Association provides a means through which business pertaining to the whole student body may be transacted; it affords better understanding between faculty and students through a medium of expression, the student council; and it creates a more unified spirit through group social activities.

The officers of the S.N.C.A. and Student Council are:

PRESIDENT — Christine Jones Marcia Muir
VICE-PRESIDENT — Ann Henley Marlene Groetz
SECRETARY — Sally Nash Margaret Brown
TREASURER — Joanne Willis Barbara Gallien

BROADER HORIZONS

Broader Horizons has tried to appeal to the outside interests of our students and hospital family by offering activities in art, music, literature, Feminine Features, and sports. We also sponsored the monthly Birthday Teas and the Backgrounds committee.

The Art Committee particularly brought copper crafts forward in association with the IA's. Many beautiful home and decorative articles were displayed with pride in our June Exhibition.

Ted Richard, musical advisor, fully agreed with our Music committee and aided them with such projects as a six-week music appreciation course and in obtaining tickets for Symphony Hall and "First Nighter's". Individual students and friends entertained with organ and piano recitals. The combined efforts of the Music and Feminine Features committees resulted in a dreamy, beautiful "Fashion Show" in which the student nurses modeled all the latest styles.

We learned about domesticity and glamour through lectures on modeling, china and silver.

A new interest was stimulated in poetry by the Literature committee and a most informative tour through a local newspaper office was planned for the student nurses.

Each athletic event was eagerly anticipated, especially when the sports teams challenged other schools of nursing in basketball. Square dances, bowling, ice skating, softball, picnics, and bridge were also included in the schedule.

Backgrounds committee spiced our over all program with a film on a trip to Europe and an informative representative of the U. S. Air Force.

Did we eat? Oh, yes, birthdays resulted in a monthly tea with everyone enjoying a huge birthday cake. Of course, those whose birthdays occurred in the month received the largest pieces!

Our Publicity committee outdid itself with the best advertising we've ever had. This was our biggest aid to increasing our membership.

CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right:

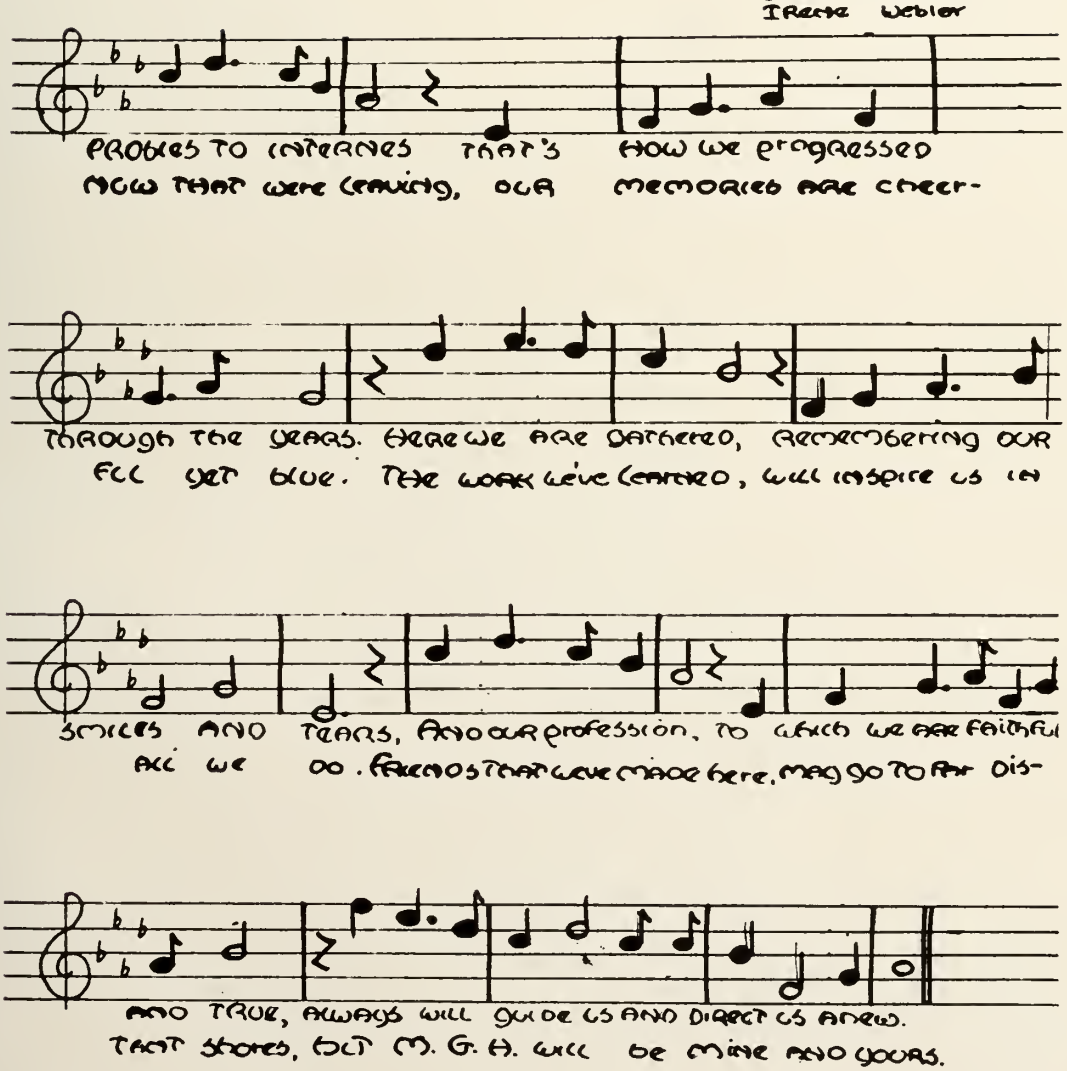
PRESIDENT — Barbara Bullard
TREASURER — Barbara MacGarrity
VICE PRESIDENT — Janice Gillette
SECRETARY — Emily Thibodeau

WALCOTT DANCE COMMITTEE

YEARBOOK STAFF

CLASS SONG

MARJORIE RATCHFORD
DOROTHEA SILVA
IRENE WEBER


PROBES TO INTERNES THAT'S HOW WE PROGRESSED
NOW THAT WERE LEAVING, OUR MEMORIES ARE CHEER-
THROUGH THE YEARS. HERE WE ARE GATHERED, REMEMBERING OUR
FLL GET BLUE. THE WORK WE'VE LEARNED, WILL INSPIRE US IN
SMILES AND TEARS, AND OUR PROFESSION, TO WHICH WE ARE FAITHFUL
ALL WE DO. FRIENDS THAT WE'VE MADE HERE, MAY GO TO FAR DIS-
AND TRUE, ALWAYS WILL GUIDE US AND DIRECT US ANEW.
THAT STONES, BUT M. G. H. WILL BE MINE AND YOURS.

ROYAL YUM
MIAMI BEACH

ARVARD

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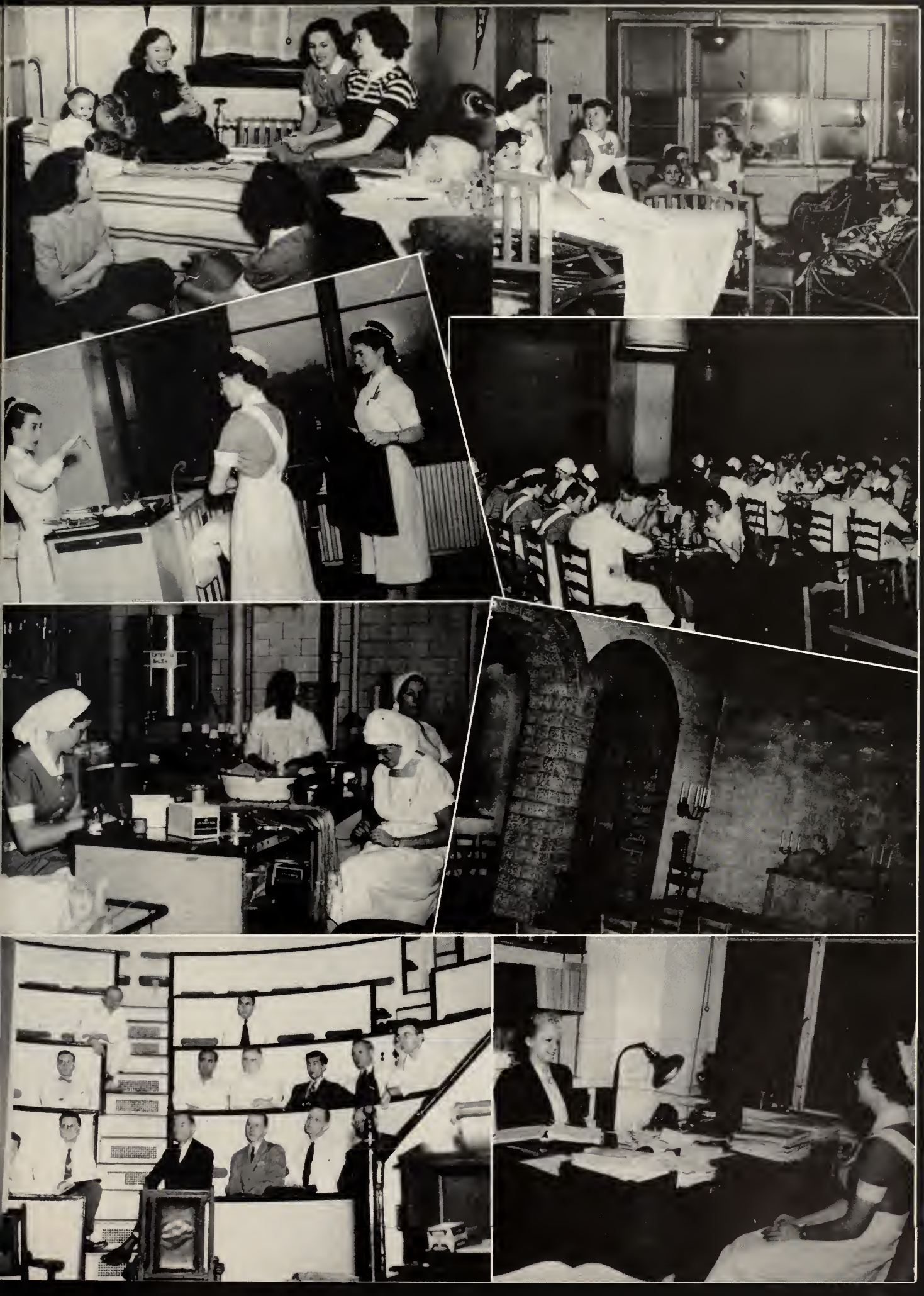

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